THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1808.

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1. VIEW of a COTTAGE in the VALLEY of MONTMORENCI.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for SLEEVES, &c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some pieces in our Poetical department were intended for insertion before, but were accidentally overlooked; — one for instance, of Mr. Webb's, whose favours we shall be always happy to receive.

We are obliged to Miss Sophia Troughton for the Continuation of her Novel, which has been safely received.

Rosabella and her Uncle, by Miss Eliza Yeames, in our next.

Those who send *Enigmas* or *Rebuses* should always annex the explanation. P. P. will notice this.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For SEPTEMBER, 1808.

ON SILENCE.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

ONE of the sages of antiquity advises us to consider the restraint upon the tongue as the first of virtues, and adds that the man who knows how to preserve a judicious silence is almost a god. Others among the ancients, and not a few among the moderns, have likewise enlarged on the benefits of silence; and had their advice been taken, I doubt not that we should have been a very quiet world, and no noises heard but from parrots and magpies. People in general, however, have thought proper to decline following an advice which would prove fatal to one of the chief members of the body, and prevent the display of a talent which frequently enables the possessors to shine in company, or at least in their own opinion.

It is commonly represented that silence is a great virtue, that it is a proof of great wisdom, and very often all that prudence has to resort to, when her other schemes have failed. For my part, I know not whence the love of silence could have proceeded, nor why so many authors have agreed to recommend it, unless they had at the same time recommended us to live in solitude, in which situation only I conceive that silence is practicable in the present state of things. Authors, indeed, conceive very highly of virtues which they have no opportunity of transgressing: a man in the solitude of his study may write very learnedly upon silence, who has no person to contradict him, just as another may descant with great feeling and energy upon extravagance and profusion, who has not a shilling

to spend. But, sir, before we dignify *silence* with the name of a *virtue*, we ought to consider whether we do not by that mean arraign *talking* as a vice; and thus accuse many of our worthiest friends and acquaintances of crimes, while they think they are only employing one of the powers of nature, as nature has appointed.

This is an important question; for in all crimes, it is the intention we are to look to, and not the fact; now in the case of silence and speaking, before we can judge the one or the other to be either a vice or a virtue, we ought to consider the intention; that is, we ought to know, which I apprehend none but the parties themselves can know, whether those who are *silent* could speak if they would, or whether they are silent for want of something to say. Merely to refrain the lips argues nothing one way or the other, as merely killing a man implies neither kindness nor murder, until the intention be known. But as it is very difficult to know when a man is silent from wisdom, and when from the want of it, we ought to be cautious of bestowing praise or blame where neither may be merited.

A second inquiry ought to be, whether man was intended for a silent animal? It is certain that some nations are more silent than others, but I believe the experience of all travellers will prove, that wherever civilization, especially if joined with freedom, has made great progress, the tongue will be found in its loosest state. I am far, therefore, from being of opinion that Englishmen are more silent than other nations, and for the reason I have just stated, namely, that an Englishman's condition in point of freedom and civilization has long given him the privilege of talking upon more subjects than other nations, and I do verily believe that the principal reason why he is thought a silent animal is from the report of foreigners, who, knowing that he was permitted to talk with perfect freedom, were disappointed when they found that, on some occasions, he could hold his tongue.

It ought therefore to be a question, whether man was intended for a silent animal; and I think the question is determined at once, if we advert to a maxim which is undeniable, namely, that he was intended for a *social* animal; for *social* and *silent* every man (and I *hope* every *woman*) will agree are qualities altogether incompatible. In familiar language, indeed, we always say that 'a silent man is an unsocial being;' and there are very few who like such beings, nor would they be allowed to exist among mankind in civilized life, if now and then, where there happen to be many speakers, it were not found convenient to have a few hearers, and it is no doubt a wise appointment of nature, that there are some persons made expressly for that purpose. They are therefore *tolerated*, as various heretics are tolerated, not from any esteem we have for their principles, but because they are quiet, and do not endeavour to propagate them. There are, to be sure, various kinds of silence, but it is held in so little reputation that we compare even the best of silent to a certain description of *swine* by a familiar proverb which

I shall not repeat, but which begins with 'the still sow,' &c. These, by the bye, are very clearly distinguishable from that *swinish multitude*, which is known only by noise and turbulence.

It may be again observed, that silence is impossible in the present state of society, because it is impossible to be silent in a world where every thing is in motion. So well are the enemies of silence, that is, the great bulk of mankind, apprized of this, that the only time they set apart for silence, or can endure it in themselves, is when they are asleep; and even here so totally does the tongue abhor a state of indolence, that many persons talk in their sleep, and some I have been told full as sensibly as when awake. In the night time, likewise, if one should chance to awake, those vigilant guardians of our peace, the watchmen, are appointed to tell us the precise hour; and this a very worthy gentleman of my acquaintance says, is to him a very great comfort: 'It is,' adds he, 'like having somebody to talk to, which is always a pleasant consideration.'

Hence it is that many people have such an aversion to a country life, that although it is an irresistible fashion, and an indispensible duty to go out of London for some months in the summer, yet matters are so happily contrived, that we can always go to a place fully as much crowded for its size, if not more so, than the vast metropolis. In these places the scene is so very little changed, that the change is imperceptible; and the tongue is neither from nature or necessity under one whit more restraint than at home. There is, however, one class of persons I must except from a dislike of the country, and who are yet extremely talkative; men, who, strange as it may appear, court *solitude* for the purpose of *conversation*. I am sure many of my readers have already anticipated me, in saying, that these are *lovers* and *poets*, or sentimental lovers. These, it is well known, can converse familiarly with rocks and mountains, keep up a dialogue with a river, or whisper to the banks of a purling stream, address the echoes with a corresponding familiarity, talk to the winds with all the ease of an old acquaintance, and even still the waves with their complaints. So prevalent is speaking over silence, and so natural is the former, that the want of a companion of our own species is made up by a tree or a stone, and that in default of those who have ears to hear, we find comfort in haranguing those who have none.

Having said so much to prove that silence is not natural to man, I might here close my letter; but there is a species of silence which remains to be taken notice of, because it is often brought as a proof that silence is not only virtuous, but graceful. This is called *expressive silence*, or a silence which expresses more sentiments, or in a better form than any words. On this I beg leave, in the first place, to say, that the world lies under a mistake here. *Expressive* silence is no silence at all. No person who expresses his opinion can be called silent, whether he employs his tongue or his eyes; and if the latter express his sentiments more forcibly than the former, all we can say is, that the eyes speak plainer than the tongue. This is, therefore, instead of silence, a spe-

cies of unfair and smuggled conversation, and unless in a very few cases, of grief, for example, I have always found it employed to evade the law. Need I mention, in proof of this, the many characters that are *evil-spoken of* in this manner, by a turn of the eye, or a shrug of the shoulder? And why is this, if not to evade the laws against libels, which require the agency of the tongue or pen. It is in this way that we are first told of suspicions of improper attachment, and illicit love between married and single, and many other cases, concerning which it is thought prudent (selfishly prudent however) not to employ the tongue.

And this expression, this way of telling a story with all its worst circumstances, this mode of revealing secrets is called *silence!* What a contradiction in terms! as if, when a man takes away my character, I must praise his silence on the subject, because he employed his eyes or his shoulders instead of his tongue. I hope nothing farther is necessary to show the fallacy of smuggling conversation under covers like these.

There is a case, and a very common one, where persons very much disposed to talk prefer the language of the eyes. Is it necessary to add, that this is the case with lovers, before they have assumed courage to talk in the other way. The language of the eyes, I must own, I consider as nearly as easy as that of the tongue, and in this case extremely useful, especially when in the presence of parents and guardians. Indeed, almost a whole courtship may be carried on in this way; and it has one advantage, that it saves a great deal of trouble in expressing the affections by the tongue, which, however, useful in most cases, has been found very deficient in the utterance of the tender passion. Of this, I hope, no reader of my letter, above the age of fourteen or fifteen, is ignorant; and to such perfection is this language brought, that the eyes can express passion without sincerity as eloquently as the tongue, and court the charms of a lady's *three per cents* with all the pathos and persuasion of letters and speeches stuffed with flames and darts. It has another advantage: that those who employ it may explain away their *ocular* promises with greater facility than those which are made with the tongue; and that in none of our courts of justice can an action lie for breach of promise of marriage which has been made by glancing, leering, or ogling. This is a case which some have experienced to their cost; and I hope it will tend to discourage the use of a species of eloquence so fleeting and insecure. At the same time it must be allowed, that where the parties are equally sincere, I do not know any kind of conversation so safe and pleasant; but still it is not *silence*, which was the point I wished to prove.

Upon the whole, therefore, it must appear that silence is not natural to man; and I may add, that it is not in very high repute. Nothing, for instance, in a disputant can be so odious or insulting. To revile and abuse a man to his face and receive no answer, is one of the most insupportable calamities that can happen in the exercise of the tongue. To fall into a violent rage, and employ the language of passion and fury, without receiving some of the same

kind in return, is a case truly shocking to imagine. It is an insult not to be borne; an affront which no man of passion can put up with without losing his honour. In a servant it is particularly abominable. To scold a servant till one is breathless for want of interruption, to call him or her every bad name one can think of, and impute every charge of the worst kind to them, and after all to receive *not one word of answer*, is a trial, an affliction which our modern *Jobs* are as little capable of sustaining as our *Jobs' wives*.

But I shall be told in answer to much of what has been advanced, that there are some uses for silence, such as *keeping a secret*. In reply to this objection, I have only to state, that I allow there are some uses for silence, and for silent people. In a world, where, as I have endeavoured to prove, the majority are *not* silent, it is certainly necessary there should be some that are. Where there are talkers there should be hearers, as where there is light there should be darkness, that we may learn to prize the former, and be delighted with the variety of contrasts of light and shade. Music, we know, cannot be made up of concords only; there must be discords also to constitute perfect melody or harmony; and sharps and flats are not more requisite in the musical scale than talkers and hearers are in the perfection of conversation. I have said something already of hearers. They are a useful class, though we do not hold them in the highest estimation; and this probably is because we consider them as dumb by nature, and therefore having no inclination to talk, any more than a person born blind could have an inclination to become a connoisseur in paintings. Yet we ought to consider, at the same time, how fortunate it is that there are some few born to listen for our pleasure; and, supposing a scarcity of listeners, how difficult it would be to supply their places from the class of talkers. The ancients, who, in some respects, appear to have been a very grateful people, erected *Silence* into a god, and called him *Harpocrates*. They were duly sensible of the necessity of listening in a country where eloquence was a favourite study. With us, who are not less studious of eloquence, and whose senate exhibits various examples of sublime oratory, the laws provide that while one speaks the rest should be silent. But this is a strictness, that, however proper in an assembly met for the great purposes of national welfare, would not be so convenient or agreeable in lesser assemblies, where the hours of attendance are fewer, and where it is frequently necessary that three or four should speak at one time, that each may have his share, and the subject in dispute lose none of its support. Such are, therefore, the uses of silence.

With regard to *keeping a secret*, there remains somewhat yet to be advanced: but as I have written an essay expressly on the subject of secrets I shall enter no farther into the subject at present than simply to state that as keeping a secret does not imply conversing about it, so silence cannot be considered as an active virtue. A secret is not imparted with a view to give any employment to the tongue, either in the way of tying or loosing.

And now, sir, as to silence in general, which has been so much

praised, I hope your readers who have not considered the subject in my way, will see reason to admit some justification of that sex which has been most censured for the use of speech, or at least that they may be admitted to participate in the natural privileges and propensities of human beings in what regards the pleasures of conversation; and be it observed too, that among them nature has distributed a certain, though I will not say what, proportion of listeners.

I am, Sir, &c.

GARRULA.

Chertsey, Aug. 28.

THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCI;

(With a View of a Cottage there, elegantly engraved.)

THE valley of Montmorenci is situate about three or four leagues from Paris; it is remarkable for its salubrity and fertility in corn, and various kinds of fruit, particularly cherries: it is of considerable extent, and affords a variety of pleasing prospects. A general idea of its picturesque appearance may be formed from the annexed view.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT is a singular circumstance, and not historically known, that this extraordinary man had, at a very early period of his life, a bloody quarrel with that prince, whom he afterwards, at the head of the republican party, caused to be beheaded on the scaffold. The occasion of the quarrel was this: about three years after the accession of king James the VIth to the throne of England, the earl of Mar, who had the charge of his majesty's second son, Charles duke of Albany, at the palace of Dunfermline, Scotland, received a commission to bring his royal pupil to London, and, on his way thither, to pass some days at Huntington, at the house of Richard Oliver, the father of the famous Oliver, and who was married to a daughter of sir Richard Stuart, of Ely, whose ancestor sprung from the royal family of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III. It is observable that, on account of this relationship, king James himself also spent two days at Richard Cromwell's house, on his way from Scotland. In compliance with his instructions, the earl of Mar, and his young royal charge, did pass several days at Huntington, during which Charles and Oliver, who were nearly of the same age, had several skirmishes. Walking one day in the garden, their differences rose so high, that a boxing match ensued; the consequence was, that Charles, though older by one year, was worsted, and retired from the scene of battle with a *bloody nose*. Oliver being severely corrected for the daring act he had committed, indignantly said, 'I hope yet to knock the head of the Scotch dog off, instead of giving him a bloody nose.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 346.]

LETTER LXXVII.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

NOW, my dear madam, has your Maria need of all her fortitude. The struggle I have sustained for some days past between affection and interest, honour and inclination, can only be conceived by persons in similar circumstances: when I repeat to you those particulars respecting Mr. Wentworth, which Harriet I find has long since informed you of, you will not wonder at the agitation I describe; but on the hope you will approve my conduct, I sit down with alacrity to give you those particulars that otherwise would be painful.

I informed you in my last of the resolution I had taken to marry colonel Ambrose, and my engagement so to do a few months hence. On his asking my permission to visit me at Hampstead I consented; it would have been affectation to have refused. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in a manner flattering to me; indeed they both seemed to take pleasure in the prospect of our union. He had made me several visits; but in the last I thought I discovered marks of dejection on his countenance. The day after his arrival, after telling me that he had something of moment to lay before me, he informed me of the secret you have already heard, with the addition of what I believe you have not heard, that Mr. Wentworth is not legally married, the ceremony being performed by a Romish priest only, she being a Catholic; that she had conducted herself so ill as to suggest the idea of a separation; but on her promise of amendment, and seeming reformation, he had forgiven her, and intended to make her his wife according to the laws of England.

'This, my dear Maria,' said he, 'is my business; my honour was concerned in acquainting you with the affair; and that justified, I have now to add, that if the knowledge of it alters your sentiments in regard to me, and you think proper to come to an explanation with Mr. Wentworth, the consequence of which may easily be guessed, I acquiesce, and acquit you of all engagements to me.'

'Most generous of men,' said I; 'what I have heard has more astonished me than I can express. Permit me to retire, I am unable at this time to answer you as I ought.'

He led me to the door in silence; but in his anxious looks I read hope and fear.

It was some time before I could compose myself to think: I was torn by contending passions: one moment I resolved to come to the explanation with Wentworth; but the next, pride, compassion for Mrs. Wentworth, and the impossibility of my marrying him under such circumstances, all forbade. He was a married man in the eyes of every person of honour and sen-

timent; and should the discovery of this secret be the cause of a separation, what advantage would it be to either of us, but to heighten our regret? A single life presented itself to my view, and seemed to be my best and most desirable resource; but the colonel's amiable qualities and affection, together with my forlorn and destitute situation, checked the wish; and gratitude, prudence, and propriety, seemed to point to our union. I even imagined I saw the hand of Providence in my fate; and with a sort of piety, perhaps ill applied, I exclaimed, I will obey the dictates of heaven.

I had sat near two hours in this reflecting and wondering state, when I was roused by the appearance of Mrs. Wilson. The colonel had informed her of all the particulars; and she was come with a kind intention to advise and comfort me. I thanked her rather too coldly, and said I had resolved on my measures, and was coming to seek the colonel. She told me that he had commissioned her to say that he was ready to set off for Windsor, if his absence would be more agreeable to me. By no means, I replied, I would see him directly if he pleased, in hers and Mr. Wilson's company. She seemed pleased with my confidence, and I accompanied her down stairs.

The colonel and Mr. Wilson were together; I trembled excessively: the colonel took my hand, and —'And has my dear Maria,' said he, 'already formed her resolution? do not resolve too hastily, unless' — and he stopped.

'Dear sir,' said I, 'I could not but resolve (unless I was unjust and ungenerous) in your favour.'

'What do I hear! is it possible!'

'Yes, sir, this hand is yours; in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson I yield it to your disposal, unregretting and irrevocably.'

I sank into a chair, unable to stand.— Why was I so confused? It must be modesty and my peculiar situation, which, making it necessary to say so much, hurt my delicacy for the moment; for, on reflection, I could not disapprove my expressions.

I will not attempt to describe the colonel's behaviour; it was such as you may guess from a man of sense, whose passions were under the control of reason; it was rational, tender, and manly. It would now have been affectation to have refused an early day for the ceremony: he would not return to Windsor till I had fixed on one, that his sister and mine might be engaged. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were unanimous in opinion, and almost in the same breath insisted on its being celebrated here. The day was fixed for this day fortnight. — Precipitate doings! But a wedding day will not bear a long anticipation.

I have now only, my dear madam, to add, that I hope your permission to present Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's compliments, and request the favour of our dear Susan's company on the occasion; and believe me to be

Your ever obliged,

M. Vernon.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

Dear Johnson,

I cannot now wait for an answer to my letter, but insist on the privilege of a friend. Come to me

instantly; for never did I so much need your presence. To prevent the agitation a personal communication of what has befallen me must cause me, I commit the shocking detail to paper.

When I wrote my last to you I was on a visit a few miles hence, and proposed returning the following evening. I left my wife, as I supposed, in the disposition I had described to you; and, for the first time since our arrival in England, felt assured of her love and reformation.—Judge, then, my astonishment, when, on my return, I was informed by the servants, that soon after my departure she had set off in a hired coach to London, acccompanied by her maid, and had not been heard of since.—Half distracted with surprise and vexation I knew not what to do.—Whilst I was pondering on this strange adventure, the Mulatto girl you have heard me mention, and who I intended to retain, entered the room, and, without waiting any inquiry from me, threw herself on her knees.—'Forgive me, sir,' said she, 'for so long concealing from you what I ought to have revealed.'—'Proceed,' said I, impatiently, 'you have my forgiveness, be it what it may.'

She then informed me that her mistress had, through the hands of her English maid, received many letters from a gentleman, and that she had every reason to think she was gone to him by appointment. But what, she said, she blamed herself most for concealing was, a letter she had made her copy, when in Bengal, to me, as coming from a lady in England, who, she had since heard, I was to have married. The poor girl added, she knew not the use her mistress intended to make of it till after she came to England, and had been unhappy about it ever since.

This account was delivered in too artless a manner to admit of a doubt. I had heard enough—I ordered her to retire, and told her I would speak with her again.—Heavens! what were my agitations when left alone! I traversed the room like one insane: had no doubt but the base woman had thrown herself under the protection of this Dormont, with an intention of marrying him. Could I regret her departure? Impossible, after the information respecting miss Vernon. My whole attention was now directed there; she had loved me; she would have been my wife but for the diabolical artifices of this woman.—What a wretch must I appear in her eyes! To clear up my conduct to her was now my first wish.

To effect this, without giving myself time to reflect, I flew to Mr. Wilson's. The wildness of my looks surprised him. I asked for miss Vernon; she had rode out with Mrs. Wilson. This was fortunate; my violence would have shocked her. Mr. Wilson entreated me to let him know the cause of my agitation; I related it. But how was I surprised to find that he was already acquainted with it all, except the elopement of—what shall I call her?—He informed me that he knew all; and told me your motives for concealing it.

I was more composed when I found that my honour was cleared up to miss Vernon. But what was my regret and heart-felt sorrow, when I recollected her engagement to colonel Ambrose!

The day was fixed, Wilson said.— And is there no hope for me?' said I. 'Is it impossible such a change of circumstances should change for me the fatal determination?' —Mr. Wilson said he could not tell, but that I might try my influence, and he wished me success, for he thought we were born for each other. I thanked him, and begged permission to see her next day, and that he would in the mean time inform her of the particulars of my situation. He promised so to do; and I left him more composed than when I entered his house.

On my return I called my servants together, and told them that I had no doubt but their mistress was eloped with lord Dormont, that she was unworthy my regard or regret, and never more should she be received under my roof; and therefore ordered them not to admit her if she came.— They all retired in speechless wonder; and I overheard the coachman say—'A happy thing this for my master!'—I could not but make the same reflection; but the tear of sensibility could not be restrained. Methought I saw the injured spirit of her worthy father lamenting her conduct, and bemoaning the inevitable ruin into which she had plunged herself. I sat down to write to her, but my fingers refused their aid; I could not dictate; and what could I say to such a mind as hers? I could not hope to make an impression: no arguments that I could use could recal her to her duty. Time alone must be her monitor.

My situation with miss Vernon now struck me: hope and despair agitated my bosom by turns. I had every thing to hope and fear from the next interview. The knowledge of her nice principles and honour checked the former, and encouraged the latter.

I went to bed, but sleep was banished. In the morning I renewed my visit to Mr. Wilson. He informed me that he had acquitted himself of his promise, and had said all I desired; that she was much affected; wished it was in her power to make me happy; and that, on her making this observation, he asked her why she could not. She looked him earnestly in the face, and said to him—'Are you serious, Mr. Wilson? or have you forgotten my engagements to the colonel, made in your presence?'—He could make no answer to this, but urged her to consent to an interview.—'By no means,' she said; 'she had not strength of mind sufficient just yet, but she would write her whole heart.'—She retired. Mr. Wilson had not seen her since, and he believed I should have a letter before night.

Whilst we were talking, Mrs. Wilson's maid brought one for me, with miss Vernon's compliments. I went home to read it. At parting, Mr. Wilson took me by the hand, and assured me that he was more my friend than the colonel's in this business: but I must build nothing on his interference. I told him, that I built on nothing but an interest in miss Vernon's affections.

I inclose you her letter; read and admire the charming dictatress, and pity me!

'Sir,

'I would not have refused you the interview you so earnestly desired through Mr. Wilson, had I

not been conscious of my own weakness. By the acknowledgment of that weakness I throw myself on your generosity; and to your candour I submit the following arguments, drawn from a reflection on our peculiar situation.

'Reverting as little as possible to unpleasant subjects, it is necessary I should acquaint you, that on your departure to India I had, as you know, engaged myself to marry colonel Ambrose. Your departure, and an examination into my own heart, discovered an attachment that I never before had suspected. I scruple not to say, you had such an interest there as to render my marriage with another unjust. What was the consequence of this discovery? The worthy colonel was made the sacrifice of my regard to you. My too late discovery of that regard is not to be justified on any principle; but I had one of the most generous of men to deal with. Instead of reproaches, and despising me for my conduct, he acquiesced in it as a thing unavoidable, and on my part not reprehensible. He took my sister into his protection. Here was friendship and disinterestedness scarcely to be paralleled. I continued with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson: your letter from India reached me through the hands of a captain, who engaged to convey my answer; that answer was every thing your affection could wish or expect. It was, it seems, intercepted. You know the rest. I will hasten over this part of the story, and forbear to mention my own feelings at the unexpected sight of you and your lady at Hampstead. You may recollect the embarrassed figure I made at my interview with you. My pride was roused, I thought you base; but reflection, and the consolation of friends, effected a victory over what I thought my misplaced affection. Your friend Mr. Johnson, in a conversation with my sister, unravelled in a great measure the mystery of your conduct, and cleared in her eyes your injured honour. She, from motives of the purest love and regard to what she deemed my happiness, forbore to acquaint me with it; my friends all acceded to her opinion. I do not reproach them for their mistaken conduct; they meant it for the best. But had they acted otherwise, I should have been spared the pain I now experience. Impressed with notions derogatory to your honour, friendless and unprotected, I accepted a second time the offer of the colonel's hand. Could I do otherwise? I was never insensible to his amiable and pleasing qualities, but at this time they struck me with redoubled force. Had I known what I now know, perhaps they might have been ineffectual. But no more of that—I accepted the offer. But he was too generous to permit me to remain in ignorance, when such an important event as my marriage was to take place. His generosity and disinterested affection confirmed me his. I even thought your happiness was connected with the union; for how could I foresee the conduct of Mrs. Wentworth? Spare me the task of enumerating particulars: all I have now to add is an appeal to your honour, candour, and rectitude, whether I can, consistent with either, become the wife of any other man than colonel Ambrose? Whatever your opinion may be, my own is so de-

cidedly fixed that it cannot be altered. I cannot on any principle of rectitude become yours; nor shall any consideration induce me to make the colonel a second time the sacrifice of caprice and fortune. I sincerely regret the conduct of Mrs. Wentworth: may she see her errors in time to reform them, and may you find your happiness in the consciousness of integrity, and right performance of every duty. I wish to avoid an interview, as nothing more can be urged which has not met my most serious consideration. With every good wish, I remain,

'Sir, your real friend,

'MARIA VERNON.'

What, Johnson, could I say? I could not refute arguments and resolutions drawn from reason and goodness. But whilst I almost adored the charming girl for her sentiments, I resolved, if possible, to change them; to effect which I wrote the following:—

'Dearest Madam,

'I have perused your letter: I cannot answer it but in person. If you have any remaining regard for your once-favoured Wentworth, refuse him not an interview, as the only mean of restoring composure to his agitated bosom.

'Yours ever,

'C. WENTWORTH.'

A few minutes brought me the following answer:—

'Sir,

'As you so earnestly request an interview I of all things wish to avoid for both our sakes, I will not refuse it. I am this day favoured by the arrival of miss West: you know this young lady; in her presence I will see you to-morrow morning at Mr. Wilson's.

'M. VERNON.'

I was delighted with this concession; from this interview I have hope. Absorbed in the idea of miss Vernon, the worthless woman who had eloped from me was forgotten; but I have just now received a short letter from Dormont, dated from Gretna Green. It was sent by a special messenger, who was to take back an answer. In it he demanded, as husband of the late Mrs. Wentworth, the payment of her fortune. I sent a laconic answer, that I should put the business into the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Jenkins of Clifford's Inn, to whom he might apply when he pleased. I shall do this directly, and get rid as soon as possible of the business.—Hasten to me, dear Johnson; you see how much I need you.

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

[*To be continued.*]

ACCOUNT of the PRESENTATION of an ENGLISH AMBASSADOR to the GRAND SEIGNIOR.

(From Macgill's Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the years 1803—1806.*)*

WHEN we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio. After some little ceremonies, we again set forward for the sublime porte. Before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates. The outer and inner ones were then

shut, and information was sent to the divan, that an infidel ambassador was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the great sultan. The place in which we were inclosed is that where criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the sultan. After a short time, the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself: a great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strewed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of janizaries ran in and carried off. On inquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to show to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exterior court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassador, in order to gain or secure the friendship of the Turks. Amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth, some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

Here his excellency presented his credentials to the Vizir, who, by some gentlemen of the long robe, sent them to the sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns. The floor was of variegated marble; and around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff. In the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the Vizir. Over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which, it is said, the sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive, through the grating, that some person sat there, but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

A gracious answer from the sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of 'Long live the king of kings, Selim the sultan of sultans!' Here every one arose; even his highness the Vizir slipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door. The order was delivered into his hands. He first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not till then, presumed to break the seals. The order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet in diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expense of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up: first, a kind of blancmanger; next, different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed; and, to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basons.

We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnished either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us: for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tortoise-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with; he was further perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

The usual ceremony of paying the janizaries takes place, in general, after this part of the audience; but his excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the sultan, and it was dispensed with.

We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the sublime sultan. This dress consisted of pelisses; that of his excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum; those for the secretaries were very good; the dragomen, who generally take care of themselves, having in some measure the arrangement of this part of the business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferior to that of the ambassador; the others were of trifling value.

To the presence of the sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled. We now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters that ever wore the human form; their features were horrible, and their faces of the most deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence. In this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

The sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four posted bed; indeed it is exactly that shape. The posts were inlaid with precious stones. The cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

Selim* is a man of about forty-three years. His beard is become grisly; his countenance is attractive; the *tout ensemble* of his physiognomy is benign. He never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance. The ambassador made a polite speech to him, which the prince Maruze, first dragoman at the porte, translated to the Vizir, who repeated it to the sultan. He made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions. It was likewise spoken to the vizir, who passed it to the prince, who then repeated it to the British company's dragoman, and he to the ambassador. Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition like criminals. The sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his excellency that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one. His excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.

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* Deposed by the revolution, which took place at Constantinople, in May last year; and since murdered in another revolution.

The Character of Charles the Second.

(From Mr. Fox's History of the early Part of the Reign of James II.)

FROM the facts which have been stated, we may collect, that his (Charles's) ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with the love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous; to which may be added, vindictive and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to give him the praise of clemency and forgiveness, seems to be perfectly justifiable; nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyric. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced of his having spared the life of any one whom motives of either policy, or of revenge, prompted him to destroy.

On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable; and if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a laudable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the stoics are not, perhaps, wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him; and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the queen during the heats raised by the popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may, and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

The best part of this prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connexion with those ladies might be vicious; but at a moment when that connexion was upon the point of being finally and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions even of bad men, should be confounded. His affection for the duke of Gloucester, and for the duchess of Or-

leans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster.

A geographical DESCRIPTION of SPAIN and PORTUGAL.

With an Account of the Climate, Soil, Productions, Trade, Government, and Character and Manners of the Inhabitants of those Countries.

THE late extraordinary and important political events that have taken place in Spain and Portugal, having deservedly rendered those countries objects of attention to all Europe, we conceive that the following brief description of them and their inhabitants cannot but be acceptable to our readers.

Spain is situated between the 36th and 44th degrees of north latitude, and between 3 degrees of east and 9 of west longitude, from London; the greatest length from west to east is about 600 miles, and the breadth from north to south upwards of 500; thus forming, if we include Portugal, almost a compact square, surrounded on all sides by the sea, except where the Pyrenean mountains form a grand natural barrier against France. Spain contains about 148,000 square miles, and between eleven and twelve millions of inhabitants.

Bourgoing has observed, that the divisions of Spain received in maps and books of geography, are little known in practice. The three provinces of Biscay, Navarre as a kingdom, and the Asturias as a principality, form states apart, which neither admit custom-houses nor intendants, nor scarcely any appearance of fiscal government. In this respect all the rest of the monarchy is divided into twenty-two provinces for the crown of Castile, and four for that of Arragon. These provinces are of very unequal extent, those of Castile being the kingdom of Gallicia, the provinces of Burgos, Leon, Zamora, Salamanca, Estremadura, Palencia, Valladolid, Segovia, Avila, Toro, Toledo, Mancha, Murcia, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Soria, Madrid, and Andalusia, which comprises four provinces decorated with the title of kingdoms, which they bore under the Moors, namely, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Grenada. The four provinces of the crown of Arragon are, the kingdom of Arragon, the kingdom of

Valentia, the principality of Catalonia, and the kingdom of Majorca.

The climate of Spain has been deservedly praised as equal, if not superior, to that of any other country in Europe; but in the southern provinces, the heat is insalubrious, and malignant fevers sometimes sweep off great numbers. The chains of mountains, which intersect the country at different intervals, contribute to temper the climate, and supply cooling breezes. In the south the sea breezes agreably diversifies the heat of summer, and in the northern provinces the severity of the winter is allayed by the proximity of the ocean, which generally supplies gales that are rather humid than frosty.

The face of the country, though it exhibits a great number of unproductive tracts, is in general delightful, abounding in fragrant pasturage, vineyards, and groves of orange-trees, and the hills and wastes themselves being clothed with wild thyme, rosemary, and lavender. Its principal productions are, wool, so highly esteemed for the excellence of its quality, silk, oil, wine, and fruits. The sugar-cane thrives in this country, and it might supply all Europe with saffron; sumach, an useful article in the preparation of morocco leather, abounds in the mountains of Granada; the mastic, the palm, the cedar, the cork-tree, and even cotton and pepper, grow in many parts; the superb American aloe, which is in England one of the most magnificent ornaments of our gardens, grows here wit[illegible]ut cultivation, and forms whole h[illegible]ges. The rivers and streams [illegible] Spain are numerous, and the chains of mountains give a grand variety to the prospect of the country.

The revenues of the country amount to five millions and a half sterling; but it is calculated that not above one million sterling enters the coffers of the king. The finances are badly regulated, and the public debt prodigious.

In 1794, the military establishment of Spain consisted of 114,000 men; but at present it is thought not to exceed 80,000, a great proportion of whom have been drawn by Bonaparte out of the country. Of late years Spain has paid great attention to her navy, which has however been crippled in the recent warfare with Britain: the ships of the line can now scarcely be computed at more than fifty.

The Spanish monarchy, previous to the recent revolution, was in every sense absolute. The power of the aristocracy has of late years been greatly abridged, chiefly by the influence of the royal favourite the Prince of the Peace. In pursuance of the same system, the cortes, or supreme councils, which possessed an authority greater than the parliament of England, have been for some time abolished.

The privy council, which prepares business and arranges papers for the junta, or council of state, is composed of a number of nobles and grandees, nominated by the king. The junta itself, a sort of cabinet council, consists of the first secretary of state, and three or four other ministers, who directed every thing according to the will of the king, or latterly of the favourite.

The only religion tolerated in Spain is the Roman catholic. In ecclesiastical matters the king is supreme; he nominates all arch-

bishops and bishops. He taxes the revenues of the clergy, and no papal bull can be published without his approbation.

The Spanish character is highly respectable for integrity and a long train of virtues. Conscious of an upright and noble mind, the respect which a Spaniard would pay to those qualities in others is often centered in himself, as he is intimately sensible that he possesses them. This self-respect is nearly allied to pride; but it is the pride of virtue, which certainly ought not to humble itself before vice and folly. From the same principle arises an excess of ceremony, at any rate more laudable than the opposite extreme of rudeness and impertinence. Temperance is a virtue which the Spaniard shares with other southern nations; for wine is so inflammatory in regions exposed to the heat of the sun, that, instead of an agreeable warmth, and a flow of ideas, it would produce fever and madness.

The Spaniard is proud, but his pride does not incline him to insolence and arrogance; he does not express much, but he is sincere in what he does express; he makes no show of politeness, but his benevolence proceeds from the heart; he is compassionate and kind, and displays no ostentation in his mode of doing good.

The Spaniards are thought to be grave; but gravity is the mark of nations and persons who think, and preserve their own dignity; and gravity does not exclude gaiety. Whoever has seen them dance the *fandango* and *valero*, must have inferred that they are not always grave. To talk is the result of imperious necessity among the French; it is an error of vanity and good manners; to be silent is reckoned a sign of pride and stupidity. The success of a man in society is calculated according to the quantity of words which he utters. In a quarter of an hour a Frenchman, a Parisian particularly, must, if he wishes to acquire the reputation of a clever fellow, review all the news of the day, from politics down to fashions, explain the system of cabinets, foretel their consequences, criticise the new productions, give the best account of an engagement if in time of war, but above all he must not fail to mention mademoiselle Rolandeau's song, and the tragic merits of mademoiselle Georges or Duchesnois; thus qualified, he may be deemed an accomplished and a sensible man! The phlegmatic Spaniard calculates and speaks deliberately; he follows without vivacity the plan which he has formed, but he follows it steadily, and finishes what the Frenchman but begins. The Spaniard does not always perform great things, but he never undertakes useless ones. Silent by disposition, concentrating his ideas, he acquires the greater neatness of thought and propriety of expression. It requires four French sentences to convey an idea which the Spaniards will express in one. It might be asserted, that a Spaniard has thought more during one year than a Frenchman during his whole life.

It has been generally said that the Spaniards are lazy; but on what is this assertion founded? On the little activity observed among the Castilians. Go into Gallicia, and there you will learn that 60,000 Gallicians yearly quit their province and spread as far as Anda-

lusia. They set out in May, and return in September, some brings back from four to five pounds sterling. Thirty thousand likewise go yearly into Portugal, to labour in the harvest and vintage; they also bring back the earnings of their labour. Their country is enriched with their industrious periodical emigrations. Visit Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, Catalonia, Valentia, Andalusia, and in general the mountainous provinces in Spain, with all those contiguous to the sea, and then charge their active and industrious inhabitants with idleness if you can. The native of Castile is indolent, his national character is *otium cum dignitate*; but Castile is but one among many; it ought not to be taken for the whole, when you wish to be a fair and impartial judge. The aboriginal Spaniard is active, and apt to labour and industry. We confess, that the Spaniard who descends from the Visigoths has not that ardour and aptitude which distinguishes the native Spaniard. The Castilian is lazy, it is true, but his indolence and laziness proceed rather from his partiality to ancient customs; a ridiculous partiality, indeed, since it proves prejudicial to society. From an immemorial lapse of time, the most arduous labours, those of agriculture are, in Castile, allotted to that sex which nature has destined to alleviate the moral and physical pains of man; you see the women in the fields ploughing and sowing the ground, while the men, wrapped up in their cloaks, are basking in the sun in public places; and this is their only occupation.

To encourage women in the practice of these agricultural labours, the ancient Castilians instituted a distribution of prizes. They thus, out of pride, recompensed that diligence which encouraged their indolence and sloth. This festival is abolished, but the Castilians are still lazy.

The gallantry, however, of the more polished classes is very great; and has, as it were, reduced the men to cyphers, so that all visits are understood to be paid to the mistress of the house. When the Spanish ladies go to mass, which is almost the sole occasion of their being seen abroad, they attire themselves in a black silk petticoat and a kind of mantle, which also serves as a veil, and is often arranged with singular ease and grace. Since the accession of the house of Bourbon, a slight shade of French manners has been blended with the Spanish gravity. But fashions here have little sway, and the prohibition of slouched hats and long cloaks led to a serious insurrection.

The amusements of people of rank chiefly consist of dancing and cards, and the theatre is little frequented, perhaps because the plays and music do not correspond in excellence with the national refinement. The combats with bulls in the amphitheatres have justly been regarded as a striking feature of Spanish and Portuguese manners. The chief actors in these bull-fights are the *picadores*, who are mounted on horseback and armed with lances, and the *chulos* on foot, who relieve and sustain the former; but the principal personage is the *matador*, who enters amidst the profound silence of the whole assembly, and coolly kills the furious animal by a blow where the spinal marrow joins the head. The death is bloodless and instantaneous, and

deserves imitation, as humanity would wish to save pain to the animals slaughtered for food. Sometimes the bull is pierced in various parts with lances, to which squibs are fastened; which being set on fire, the maddened animal stands pawning the ground, while he draws in and exhales volumes of smoke: sometimes an American is introduced, who, after the manner of hunting the wild bull in his own country, throws a rope round the horns, and entangles the beast as in a net, then kills him with perfect safety.

Madrid is the royal residence, but Seville is esteemed the capital of Spain. Philip II. first established his court at Madrid; and the nobility, in consequence, erecting numerous palaces, this formerly obscure town began to assume an air of grandeur. The centrical position seems the chief advantage, for the environs can boast of little beauty or variety. The river Mancenares is in winter a torrent, but dry in summer, which occasioned a sarcastic remark, that the bridge should be sold, in order to purchase water. This metropolis contains 13 parishes, 7398 houses, and 32,745 families, amounting to a population of 147,543. The convents are 66; and there are fifteen gates of granite, many of which are elegant. The chief is the Puerta de Alcala of three arches, the central being 70 feet in height. The houses of the great are not disposed with the most elegant and commodious architecture, but are so large, that Mr. Townsend assigns four hundred bedchambers to the duke of Alba's palace, where all the superannuated servants, with their wives and children, are lodged; their wages being computed at 1000l. sterling a month. The cottages and inns are, on the contrary, miserable; but the dress and manners of the lower classes vary much in different provinces.

Portugal.

Portugal is the most westerly kingdom of Europe, bounded on the west and south by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the east and north by Spain; extending about 310 miles in length, and 150 in breadth.

The air of Portugal, in the southern provinces, would be excessively hot, if it were not refreshed by the sea-breezes; but in the northern, it is much cooler, and the weather more subject to rains. The spring is extremely delightful here; and the air, in general, more temperate than in Spain. Lisbon has been much resorted to of late by valetudinarians and consumptive persons from Great Britain, on account of its air. The soil is very fruitful in wine, oil, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, raisins, almonds, chesnuts, and other fine fruits; but there is a want of corn, owing, it is said, in a great measure, to the neglect of agriculture. There is plenty of excellent honey here; and also of sea and river fish, and sea salt. The horses in Portugal are brisk lively animals, as they are in Spain, but of a slight make: but mules being surer footed, are more used for carriages and draught.

The only religion tolerated in Portugal is that of the church of Rome; yet there are many concealed Jews, and those too even among the nobility, bishops, pre-

bends, monks, and nuns, and the very inquisitors themselves. If a Jew pretends to be a Christian and a Roman catholic, while he is really a Jew, by going to mass, confession, &c.; or if after being converted, or pretending to be converted and pardoned, he relapses into Judaism and is discovered, the inquisition lays hold of him. In the first case, if he renounces Judaism, he is only condemned to some corporal punishment or public shame, and then ordered to be instructed in the Christian religion. In the second, he is condemned to the flames without mercy. Besides Jews and heretics, who broach or maintain any doctrines contrary to the religion of the country, the inquisition punishes all pretenders to sorcery and the black art, apostates, blasphemers, perjured persons, impostors, and hypocrites. The burning of those condemned by the inquisition, is called an *auto da fe*, or "act of faith."

With regard to manufactures, there are very few in Portugal, and those chiefly coarse silks, woollen cloths, and some linen; but their foreign trade is very considerable, especially with England, which takes a great deal of their wine, salt, foreign commodities, and fruits, in return for its woollen manufactures, with which the Portuguese furnish their colonies and subjects in Asia, Africa, and America. Their plantations in Brasil are very valuable, yielding gold, diamonds, indigo, copper, tobacco, sugar, ginger, cotton, hides, gums, drugs, dying woods, &c. From their plantations in Africa, they bring gold and ivory, and slaves to cultivate their sugar and tobacco plantations in Brasil. They have still several settlements in the East Indies, but far less considerable than formerly. The Azores or Western Isles, Madeira, and the Cape de Verde Islands, also belong to them; but a great part of the riches and merchandize brought from these distant countries becomes the property of foreigners, for the goods they furnish the Portuguese with to carry thither. The king's fifth of the gold brought from Brasil amounts commonly to about 300,000l. sterling; so that the whole annual produce of gold in Brasil may be estimated at near 2,000,000l. sterling. Lisbon is the greatest port in Europe next to London and Amsterdam.

As to the constitution of Portugal, it is an absolute hereditary monarchy. Both here and in Spain there were anciently cortes, states, or parliaments; but they have long since entirely lost their share in the legislature. For the administration of the civil government, there is a council of state, and several secretaries; for military affairs, a council of war; for the finances, a treasury court; and for the distribution of justice, several high tribunals, with others subordinate to them, in the several districts into which the kingdom is divided. The cities have their particular magistracy. The proceedings of the courts are regulated by the Roman law, the royal edicts, the canon law, and the pope's mandates. Like the Spaniards, they transact most of their business in the mornings and evenings, and sleep at noon. The nobility are very numerous, and many of them are descended from natural sons of the royal family; they are divided into high and low. The high consists of the

duke, marquisses, counts, viscounts, and barons, who are also grandees, but of different classes, being suffered to be covered in the king's presence, and having the title of *dons*, with a pension from the royal treasury, to enable them the better to support their dignity: the king styles them *illustrious* in his letters, and treats them as princes. A duke's sons are also grandees, and his daughters rank as marchionesses. The inferior nobility or gentry are termed *hidalgos*, i. e. gentlemen: they cannot assume the title of *don* without the king's licence.

The Portuguese are represented as inferior to the Spaniards both in person and genius: as extremely haughty, treacherous, and crafty in their dealings; much given to avarice and usury; and vindictive, malicious, and cruel. The meaner sorts are said to be extremely addicted to thieving; notwithstanding, it must be owned, that they have shown themselves on many occasions a brave and warlike people. They are justly famed for their skill in navigation; and for the many discoveries they have made, both in the East and West Indies. The women here, and in other countries of the same degree of heat, are not so prolific as in the colder climates; but they are said to be very beautiful whilst young, though their complexion is somewhat upon the olive.

Of the Roads and Passes into Spain.

THE first and greatest of the roads, which conducts straight to Madrid, from France, is the one occupied by Bonaparte, and which Joseph took in his rout from Bayonne to that city. It lies for near twenty-two leagues through the Pyrenees, before they sink into easy acclivities, between Mondragon and Vittoria. At every step an army is exposed to attack; but Napoleon is completely master of the country from the Bidasoa quite to Vittoria.

The second grand entrance into Spain is from Perpignan to Barcelona, through Bellegarde, La Janquera, and the famous pass of Figuerras, in Catalonia. About fifty miles of this road lie through the Gorges of the Pyrennees, where, in many places, a hundred armed peasants may arrest an army. Neither horses, provisions, nor accommodations, are to be found between Bellegarde and the city of Girona.

A third road conducts from Bayonne, by a small town called St. Jean Pied de Port into Navarre, straight to the capital of that province, Pampeluna. It is a most dangerous and almost impracticable entrance, through perpetual defiles and prodigious mountains, which can only be passed between May and the end of October.

There is a fourth road, from Tarbes, in Bigorre, along the valleys that divide that province from Arragon, which conducts to Saragossa. It passes through the Spanish towns of Jaca and Huesca; but it is rather a track pervious to muleteers, during summer, than a road by which any troops can pass. In winter, the snows and the wolves render it totally impassable.

The following Itinerary of the principal great roads from Madrid to the chief towns of the provinces, will be found very convenient to all persons reading the newspapers

of the day. Many of the distances are stated from actual admeasurement, others are taken from the computed leagues of the country, as estimated for the march of soldiers or hire of travelling horses, some of which have been corrected from the observations of the late M. Mechain, in his trigonometrical survey of Spain, in which he was employed, as well as in measuring a degree of the meridian in that country, some time before his death at Valencia in 1805. But as the country is very mountainous, and consequently the roads very crooked, no geometrical survey of the distances between the chief towns, as deduced from maps, can deserve the least attention; on the contrary, there are many places where the linear distances and the actual length of the carriage roads differ at least one fourth. The nominal or common league of Spain is not less than four English miles, and the distance between villages estimated at a league frequently varies from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

	Badajos	Barcelona	Burgos	Cadiz	Cordova	Granada	Jaen	Leon	Madrid	Murcia	Oviedo	Pampeluna	Santiago	Seville	Toledo	Valencia
Barcelona	165															
Burgos	9	100														
Cadiz	60	177	154													
Cordova	47	131	118	39												
Granada	67	138	122	52	20											
Jaen	61	120	108	56	14	14										
Leon	83	134	82	135	98	110	96									
Madrid	63	102	54	102	64	68	54	55								
Murcia	97	88	112	98	50	50	38	114	59							
Oviedo	110	158	56	161	124	136	122	26	82	139						
Pampeluna	123	67	38	160	124	120	112	60	60	102	86					
Santiago	120	176	89	181	140	160	140	58	106	159	56	123				
Seville	37	150	140	23	22	35	32	112	84	68	138	148	156			
Toledo	51	114	66	88	50	54	41	68	12	53	92	72	112	76		
Valencia	110	55	86	120	74	73	64	107	51	32	133	72	157	99	59	
Saragossa	113	52	52	134	100	105	92	85	50	80	111	27	125	125	62	45

This table represents the number of leagues between all the capital towns of the provinces or kingdoms, and the metropolis or court of Spain, Madrid. If it is desired to know the distance between Badajos and Madrid, the angle of the column under the former, and immediately opposite the latter, gives 63 leagues, or 252 English miles; if from Badajos to Saragossa, we find 113 leagues, or 452 English miles: and so with all the others.

N. B. The distances in this table are taken on the carriage roads, and not the bridle roads, which are shorter, more mountainous, and generally impassable to any thing but asses, mules, sheep, or black cattle.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 363.]

CHAP. XVII.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

WELL, my dear Madam, Julia is gone, Walsingham is gone, and your poor Caroline is bereft of all comfort. Yet I should not say all while I am blessed with my lovely children, and the soothing society of the friendly Howard.

Mr. Baderly, who accompanies my sister and lady Mary, set off early in the morning on his own business, and was to wait for them at the next town.

Our breakfast was taken in silence; every person looked dissatisfied; miss Lester particularly; as Mr. Baderly had not taken leave of her; but left his compliments with Walsingham for her, and the rest of the party.

Mrs. Howard entered as the servant was taking out the things. Her eyes looked red. 'You have *seen* him,' said Helen abruptly; 'he has honoured you with a personal farewell, though that was deemed too great a favour for any other to receive. And,' continued she, looking excessively spiteful, 'it seems to have been a mighty tender parting by the testimony your eyes bear.'

'My eyes generally bear testimony to the feelings of my heart,' returned Mrs. Howard.

'Oh! no doubt,' cried Helen, with a toss of her head: 'I only wonder my lord Seymour looks so serene on the tender occasion; some gentlemen would have you follow your regretted beau.'

The mild Howard took no notice of this unwomanly speech; but calmly seated herself by me.

Lord Seymour looked offended —'If every lady,' said he, 'followed the amiable example of Mrs. Howard, the delicacy of the sex would not be so often wounded, nor domestic peace so often destroyed; but there are women in the world, and women who call themselves virtuous, of such detestable, coquettish principles, that rather than want admirers, they will sigh for the adulation of even married men; such ladies would do well to copy the unobtrusive manners of the lady before me.' He bowed to Mrs. Howard with looks of love.

'Well,' replied Helen, 'I have heard say that love is blind.'

'And jealousy very quick sighted,' retorted my lord.

'Come, come, my dear friends,' said Julia, 'do not let us waste the few hours we have to spend together in dissensions.'

'Pray,' said Helen, not attending to Julia, 'what road does Mr. Baderly take, lord Walsingham?'

Adolphus looked by no means pleased, but answered, 'My friend Baderly intends escorting lady Mary and my sister to their respective homes. He will then, I believe, spend a few days, with an old friend of his, in Kent.'

'Then he accompanies lady Mary to her father's, does he?' said she; her eyes sparkling with anger. 'But my lord, I — I —' she stopped as if recollecting herself. Poor Mary sat with her arm over the back of her chair, on which she concealed her face.

Julia rose, and taking her hand, 'This miss Lester,' said she, with haughtiness, 'has very unfortunately fits of absence, and most strangely forgets where she is, and whom she talks to. The earl of Brilliant's daughter is little used to such behaviour. But never fear, lady Mary; if Mr. Baderly makes proposals to the earl, he is come of an ancient and honourable family: has a large estate and a noble title in reversion. But if you do not approve him, the earl, your father, loves you too well, to insist on any thing repugnant to your feelings. So cheer up, my sweet girl; we will retire and wait for lady Walsingham in her dressing-room.'

They curtsied to us, and left the room arm-in-arm. Miss Lester sat plucking the ruffle of her morning gown till she tore it; then bursting in a forced laugh, 'And so lady Julia thinks Baderly will make proposals to the old earl for his homely daughter; and, to add to the absurdity, imagins it possible for the odd body to refuse him.'

'And why should you think that impossible, miss Lester?' said lord Seymour; 'every lady may not see Mr. Baderly's merit with the same eyes you do.'

'Possibly not, my lord: *Your* lordship's deas of beauty, for instance, and mine, differ very essentially.' Casting a supercilious glance at Mrs. Howard.

My lord's colour heightened excessively; and I know not where this quarrel might have ended, had not Walsingham rose, and made an apology for quitting us for an hour or two: I left the room with him, and he whispered me that he was going to Mr. Baderly. — 'Then carry him,' said I, 'my best wishes for his health and happiness.'

I found Julia and Mary in my dressing-room. Julia appeared much dejected. — 'I hope, my sister,' said I, taking her hand, 'when next we meet, our joy will be equal to the present sorrow.'

She pressed me to her bosom — 'When next we meet, Ah! lady Walsingham, you will spurn from you a wretch who will have disgraced her family, and rendered her own existence hateful to herself.'

'Never, never, Julia,' said I, wrapping my arms round her, 'shall my sister present her beloved form to the rejoicing eyes of her Caroline; but these arms shall be open to receive her, and this affectionate heart bear witness to the joy her presence will create.'

She kissed my lips and cheek. 'You are an honour to our sex, my Caroline, and to the rank you hold in society. May the Almighty long continue you to adorn our house. And after ages, when they trace the annals of the present earl, may in the blaze of your virtue, and unspotted purity of your life, overlook the errors of the wretched Julia.'

'But why wretched?' said I, tenderly. — She shook her head, and hastily quitted the room, as if afraid of my interrogations.

The tender Mary cast a tearful look after her — 'Poor lady Ju-

lia! how humiliating must her ideas of herself be! How dreadful her concealed grief, which she fears to communicate to one who would look on her sorrows, and even faults, as a pitying angel would on the frailties of erring mortals! I think, my dear lady Walsingham, if I had a secret, I could unbosom myself to you without reserve.'

'Then you have no such thing, my dear Mary, or you would have acquainted me with it no doubt; nor, I should have thought Mr. Baderly—' She ran to me, and hiding her face in my bosom, 'do not, do not speak it out,' said she, 'I know what you would say; you think me a false girl, and that I blame lady Julia for a fault I myself am committing; but, indeed, till the letter arrived requiring my immediate return, my esteem for Mr. Baderly was a secret to myself.'

I kissed her—'Perhaps, my dear, the regard is reciprocal; you have been much together: did he never address you as a lover in none of your rambles?'

'Never,' said she; 'his attentions have appeared more like the kindness of an affectionate brother, than the assiduity of an anxious lover; and I cannot but blush to think my fancy has gone before my judgement, or that I should feel a preferable liking to a gentleman who has never given me reason to think he ever bestows a thought on me when absent.'

I was glad in some sense to hear her make this declaration, as I had reasons for wishing to know whether he had ever paid her any particular attentions: but as the affair stood, I had no reason to enforce caution on her. I am willing to think Baderly a man of honour in the true sense of the word; but I know there are times when he suffers his passions to govern him; which I dare say often makes him work for repentance, as it does every honest mind who lets those passions gain an ascendency which ought to be kept in subordination.

I told her I was sure she was a favourite, and should not be surprised if, in a short time, he were to make proposals to the earl.—

'Ah! my dear lady Walsingham, do not you say this only to keep me in temper with myself?'

I assured her I spoke my real sentiments.—'Well,' replied she, 'be it as it may; if it please Heaven to restore my dear father to his former health and spirits, I will not repine at any other disappointment that may be for me.'

Julia entered in tears; Mrs. Howard had hold of her hand; —'The carriage is ready,' said she, 'and this dear girl is grieving as if she were never to return.'

She withdrew her hand from Mrs. Howard, and, in an agony of grief, threw herself on my bosom, and wept aloud—I was very much affected—'Why, my dear Julia,' said I, 'will you leave me?'—

'Oh! lady Walsingham, I must, I must go: if you could see into my agitated heart, you would pity the sorrow you could not relieve.'

'And are your sorrows of so dreadful a nature, that the lenitive hand of friendship cannot lighten, that the sympathising heart cannot lessen, by sharing?'

'No, no,' said she, in a tone of settled despair, 'my fate is black as midnight, and no charm can

whiten it. No one can restore me to my lost esteem. Mrs. Howard, you have a heart, a sister heart, to this excellent woman; do you be to her what the absent Julia can be no longer; do you be near, and soften the horrid intelligence she must one day hear.—And now, best of women, of wives, of sisters, farewell. This,' said she, in a voice scarcely audible, 'is the last embrace; and this the last time the fugitive Julia will dare to call you sister.'

She was darting from the room; I caught her gown.—'Stay, Julia, I conjure you on my knees; stay till your brother returns; let him talk to you.'

She snatched her gown from my grasp, and flew down the stairs: we all followed, but she had thrown herself into her carriage, and drawn up the glasses. 'Drive, drive on,' cried she to the coachman; he obeyed, and she let down the blinds, waving an adieu with her white handkerchief, heavy with her tears.

I thought of the words of the poet, and they spoke my sentiments most sincerely:—

'May gracious Heaven pour the sweet balm of peace
Into the wounds which fester in your bosom;
Since earthly consolation cannot cure them.'

Poor Mary, pale and half fainting, sighed out her farewell on my bosom, and stepped into the chaise, followed by her maid.

I stood gazing after them, till the last vibration of the receding wheels died on my ear. I then turned, and my eye met a face as pale, as spiritless, as my own; in my kindly, my sympathising friend Mrs. Howard. I passed my arm through hers, and we returned to my dressing-room in silence. My eyes were so swelled by weeping, I had some thoughts of taking my dinner in my own room. When Walsingham entered he appeared rather embarrassed.

'You seem grieved, my Caroline,' said he, 'and I fear I shall add to your sorrow; but be not distressed, I shall soon return.—Miss Lester—The little misunderstanding which happened this morning between miss Lester and Seymour, has rankled in her mind, and she insists on setting off for Brighton this afternoon. 'Tis rather a sudden motion, but as I have given my word to attend her at her own time, I do not see how I can come off with honour.'

'I do not expect, my lord,' said I, with as much firmness as I could assume, 'neither do I desire, you to forfeit your word on my account; all I wish is, you would shorten your time of absence as much as possible. For I know not why; but a dreadful weight of horror,—a fearful presentiment of evil, oppresses my heart, which nothing but your quick return can dissipate.'

He sighed, hesitated, as if about to speak, but only sighed again. He looked at me, then at the door, then on me several times. At length he spoke.—

'You need not,' my love, appear at dinner, unless you please; miss Lester takes hers in her own apartment; Mrs. Howard likewise has excused herself to the gentlemen.'

'Well, then, my lord, have the goodness to desire Mrs. Howard to favour me with her company to dinner in my dressing-room.'

'You do not wish for miss Lester's company?'

I was silent; and he left the room.

Mrs. Howard soon entered.—'Well, my dear lady Walsingham! I understand miss Lester goes this afternoon; and, truly, if she went unaccompanied by any but sir Harry, I don't know who would regret her departure; but, however, I hope my lord's absence will be but short, and at his return things will go on in their proper channel, but I insist on your being dressed; come, I will assist your maid.'

'Dressed!' exclaimed I, 'for what should I be dressed? unless from the same motive the Indian widows are adorned to celebrate their own obsequies.'

'No matter,' said she; 'you must oblige me.'

She begun to sort out my clothes, and, ringing for Ann, told her to dress my hair as quick, and as elegant, as possible.

I was passive in their hands; I saw my friend's heart was set on seeing me fine.

When they had finished their work, I found myself arrayed in a white sattin petticoat, vandyked round the bottom with mazarine; a white crape train, embroidered with silver stars; a mazarine body, with a full frill of broad lace round the neck. A wreath of jessamine, formed of pearl, the leaves of jasper (a present long ago from my honoured uncle), was the only ornament on my head.

'And now,' said my friend, 'oblige me by this, and I have done.'—She fastened the portrait of Walsingham round my neck, by a string of pearls.—'Well,' said she, 'you look amazing handsome, and cannot fail to be interesting; I will now tell you my reason for wishing you to appear dressed. Brighton is a gay place, and this miss Lester a gay lady; Walsingham is but a man, and as such might be prevailed on to protract his stay among them; but when he recollects the lovely, the elegant woman he has left at home, (and your form will always present itself to his imagination as it appeared at the last interview), he will think on your last look, your last words, your amiable sorrow, and your fascinating appearance; and then he must surely sigh to return to his happy home, and lovely-expecting wife.

'Miss Lester may, perhaps, display her gayest plumes to charm, to detain him; in this trial of art, I would have nature prevail. I would have the graceful form of his Caroline rise before his mental eye adorned by the same simple graces she wore at his last parting.

'These are trifles often overlooked by the generality of the world, who forget that the happiness, or misery, of mortals frequently arise from, and depend on, trifles.'

I was charmed by her friendly attention to my happiness.

'Your reasons are exceeding just, my beloved friend,' said I; 'and the more necessary as my grief precluded all other considerations, then that Walsingham was leaving me:—and I fear, Oh! I much fear, it will be long ere we meet again.'—The tears, in spite of me, would force their way down my cheeks. She drew her chair close to mine, and, taking my hand, said—'Think not, my dearest lady Walsingham, that I do not feel your sorrows as a friend ought. You do not heave a sigh, but my bosom

echoes a response; you do not shed one tear, but my eye is ready to sympathise with you. But what will sighs, or tears, avail? the troubles our fate allots us we must bear. This world is the school of misery; and the hard lesson mortals must learn, is to suffer, to bear disappointments with patience, evils with fortitude, and bow with resignation to that Power who deals the awful reverses of happiness or misery on his creatures at his pleasure.

'Will you excuse me, lady Walsingham? but I am half angry with you for giving way—nay, for meeting troubles which may never arrive. You say you have a presentiment that it will be long ere your lord and you meet; but you have no just reason for so thinking. Lord Walsingham himself tells you, that his absence will be but short.—Supposing, however, the worst; he will not, cannot, be longer absent than September; his parliamentary business will oblige him to be in town then; and then of course you will meet in Portland Place; therefore I cannot help thinking that your present sorrow is rather premature. Let your adieus to my lord and his party be as cheerful as possible; nor give him reason to suppose, by your excessive melancholy, that you doubt his word of returning in a few days.'

'I will endeavour, my lovely monitress,' said I, 'to profit by your instruction. I am a weak and erring creature; but guided by your counsels, and benefited by your example, I shall be inexcusable if I persevere in faults so kindly, so delicately pointed out.'

She embraced me with sisterly affection. 'You do not,' said she, 'disappoint my expectations; you are capable of great things, my dear Caroline, if you will but exert yourself: I was grieved to see your noble mind sinking, as it were, into apathy, and the sorrow you expressed at the thoughts of parting with my lord, and his sister, swallowing up, like Aaron's rod, every other consideration; because we should remember, in every situation of life, whether placed in the magic circle of pleasure, or in the soul-appalling haunt of poverty, that this is not our abiding city: for this life will one day appear to us all as a tale that is told.

'How absurd, then, for such insects of a day to be elated by hope, or depressed by despair.

'I pray God your comforts may be many, and that they may increase with your years: but if, on the contrary, it please the all-wise Disposer of events to send trouble instead of happiness, consider the dispensation as a blessing in disguise, and hail the friendly warning, which bids you remember there is another, and a better world.

'Excuse me, my dear friend; I know you are more capable of giving instruction than of receiving it from me; but observations are the spontaneous effusions of a heart which loves you; of a bosom which sighs to see you content at least, if not happy.'

I pressed her hand to my lips, but was prevented speaking by the servant entering with the dinner. We neither of us could eat; but in a short time went down together. 'You shall see,' said I, as we descended the stairs, 'how well I will behave.'

She threw open the door of the sitting-room, and discovered miss Lester, Walsingham, and sir Harry

Champly assembled. But when I beheld them all equipped for their journey, in spite of my resolution, and boasted calmness, my heart seemed bursting from my bosom. Mrs. Howard looked hard at me. 'Bring the children in,' said she to a servant passing the door.

She addressed Walsingham: 'You will no doubt, my lord, think this ensuing week the longest you have known; as in all that time you will not behold their cherubic countenances.'

They were brought in. He took his little girl in his arms with emotion; he bent his face over her to conceal it; yet I saw the tear of fatherly affection quiver in his eye, and felt my own tingle with sympathy.

His emotion could not be hid when poor Adolphus, climbing up his knees, and throwing his little arms about his neck, looking earnestly in his face, cried, 'You won't go from us, papa, will you? — Ann fibs; — won't leave mamma, will you?' — 'I will come back to-morrow, my dear boy,' said his father; and, placing him on the ground, he ran to me — 'Don't cry, mamma; papa will come back to-morrow, and bring me a horse to-morrow.'

Oh! madam, the dreadful apprehension that the sun would never rise on that morrow, chilled me like the hand of death. I clasped my boy to my throbbing heart with a sensation little short of frenzy.

The unfeeling Helen sat with her back to us, watching the curveting of the impatient horses, who were harnessed for their journey, and waiting in the court-yard. At length the dreadful moment arrived; they rose to go. My poor Adolphus clung to his father's legs and screamed, — 'I will go, too. — Mamma will go, too.' — 'My God!' exclaimed miss Lester; 'we shall be deafened before we commence our journey.'

I rang for Ann to take him away; but he clung the faster, and screamed the louder.

Walsingham raised him in his arms, and kissing him, said, 'If he would go with Ann, then, and be a good boy till his return, he would bring him a horse, with a saddle and bridle.' This promise pacified him, and he suffered Ann to carry him out very quietly; but he strained his eyes, brimful of tears, to cast a last look at his father.

Poor fellow! it was the first time he had ever been parted from either of us, and his little heart was almost broken.

Miss Lester, who was the cause of his trouble, very gracefully thanked me for my polite hospitality, hoped to have the honour of seeing me in town in a few months, lamented I could not accompany them to Brighton, but those tormenting children would be the ruin of me. She passed on to Mrs. Howard, and took a civil leave of her and lord Seymore. Then presenting her hand to sir Harry, he led her to the carriage. Walsingham lingered behind, till Champly returned to inform him that they waited for him.

His agitation became extreme; and, pressing me to his bosom, he fervently kissed my cheek — 'Be careful of your health, my dearest Caroline,' said he, 'and may the Almighty preserve you.' He strained me to his heart.

I could not speak. I thought I should have fainted.

Sir Harry again showed himself at the door — 'I beg pardon,' said

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine

London Fashionable Morning Dress.

Walsingham, 'for keeping you waiting, but I come.'

He led me to a sofa, and once more kissing my wet cheek, left me without speaking.

Lord Seymore attended him to the door, and I followed, leaning on the arm of my lovely Howard.

Miss Lester was rallying him with much animation.

We shall soon see you again, my lord,' said Mrs. Howard.— 'Oh! no doubt,' replied Helen; 'the pleasures of Brighton can have no charms for him, unless he has his lady with him. Don't you see he looks now as if he were going to a funeral?'

The carriage driving on, prevented any more of this. Walsingham waved his hand, and they were soon out of sight. Mrs. Howard led me to the room we had quitted. My sorrow was deep, but it was silent.

'You are fatigued, my dear lady Walsingham,' said my considerate friend, 'and had better retire to your own chamber. I will visit the young folk, and Seymore we will leave to amuse himself. You will perhaps permit me to take my supper in your dressing-room?'

I thanked her for her kindness, but said—'If you and my lord will excuse me till supper-time, I hope then to meet you here with more composure than I can at present boast of. We will sup together, and, perhaps, with more cheerfulness than either now expect.' I bowed, and retired.

I have wrote thus far since; but now I have brought my account to the moment of parting, I feel my sorrow revive; I will therefore hasten to close, lest I infect you with my melancholy forebodings. I shall not write again till the time is expired for my husband's return. If he comes, my next will be very unlike this;—but if he does not—why then, my dear mother, I shall know the worst, and must endeavour to reconcile myself to my misfortune, and hope to receive consolation from the whispers of a self-approving conscience. Blessed with that I cannot be utterly miserable, and, without it, who can be happy?

Adieu! my honoured mamma; you have happily arrived at the summit of the arduous and difficult hill of virtue, and can smile at the vicissitudes of human affairs; yet can pity those who have not that magnanimity. May that equanimity be preserved unsullied prays

Your obliged and dutiful

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

FASHIONABLE MORNING DRESS.

A SHORT dress made of embossed cambric muslin, and ornamented round the bottom with a fancy border; the collar high and puckered, and trimmed with a fine beading. French cloak of rich sarcenet, the colour bright amber or an autumnal brown, edged with a floss trimming or broad lace. Gipsy hat of fine straw, tied under the chin with a net handkerchief or ribbon, and ornamented with a wreath of fancy flowers.

THE ADVENTURES
OF A WALKING-STICK.
By S. Y.

> Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
> And say, 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'—
> SHAKSPEARE.

I FELL an acorn from my mother Oak, and took root under her shadowy boughs, and grew unmolested till I became a fair and handsome sapling, and promised one day or other to become an ornament to the forest; but, alas! one fatal morn for me, I was, by an unruly hand, torn up by the roots, and soon metamorphosed into a walking-stick. Alas! to me,

> ——— 'the Spring, the Summer,
> The chilling Autumn, angry Winter change
> Their wonted liveries, and th' 'mazed world
> ——— now knows not which is which.'

To pass over a part of my early sorrow, I, by some means or other, fell into the hands of a Mr. H****, a sort of hopeless lover; and the scenes I witnessed it is here unnecessary to mention: suffice it to say, I was aware that he felt a great partiality for a miss Vowell, and I often accompanied him to her house.

> ———'T was pretty, tho' a plague
> To see him every hour; to sit and draw
> His arched brows, his hawking eye——.'

But, alas! for poor Mr. H——, his efforts were vain, although he cherished the hope. Miss Vowell paid him but a cool return: and one evening he went from her almost frantic, and left me behind him, although he had several miles to walk home: his mind and thoughts were wholly occupied in thinking of the dear (yet capricious) maiden: poor fellow! he trudged home in a sad, sad state, all alone:—

> 'Up springs at every step to claim a tear,
> Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here.'

I was now very carefully deposited behind the clock, and there I remained for some time, till Mr. Vowell (the brother of miss V——) made use of me one day in a walk with miss S****. I would freely say a little about the happy pair, but I am forbid: nothing material occurred, save a few hard blows, which he gave me by rapping me against the ground and the gates as we passed along. I at length arrived at the house of miss Vowell, and was placed in one corner of the parlour, where I stood in quiet for a day or two: at last, alas! my destroyer came (it was on a Friday I perfectly well remember); it was a Mr. Y——; he, to give him his due, nevertheless is a good, inoffensive, honest sort of a fellow. I cannot omit giving a little detail about him; and for which I trust his goodness will forgive.—This Mr. Y——, you must know, had long cherished a passion for miss Vowell; and at length was enabled to confess it to her, paying her a visit one Friday noon; he, by some means, espied me, and begged of her to lend me to him, as he was going to town. She generously granted his request, but begged I might be taken care of, as she told him I belonged to Mr. H——. I was now taken possession of, with an assurance that I should be safely returned: a stage passing

at the moment, away we went to the roof, and soon arrived in London, safe and sound, when I was delivered, with his *roquelaure*, to the care of the chambermaid at the inn: the next morning we resumed our journey in the same manner, and got back all right and tight, when I expected to be returned in course; but, instead of which, Mr. Y—— took me with him on his journey, and it was a fortnight before I reached my old place of residence. I must say I was taken the greatest care of possible. He then took me in his hand to miss Vowell; and, after a *tête-à-tête* for about half an hour, he left her, and took me with him; having agreed to accompany her and miss S—— in a walk the same evening. At the hour of seven they met, agreeable to appointment; and how delightful it was to promenade the green lawn of W—— Park. I was here witness to a happy scene:—

'With gratitude's tears I'll her kindness repay;
'Twas here in this grove he first told her he lov'd;
And ever remember'd be that happy day,
The day on which Eliza his passion approv'd.'

The learned Zimmerman says, and truly says, 'The impression is indelible; the bosom for ever retains a sense of that highest ecstasy of love, and of the place where the first time that happy discovery, that fortunate moment, when two lovers perceive their mutual fondness.'

As the evening was far advanced, Mr. Y—— and the ladies were on their return; and, amongst their chit-chat, the dislike of certain animals, reptiles, &c. was introduced. Mr. Y—— observed, that he thought a toad the most loathsome, and said he would go a mile to shun the sight of one. 'Oh! pretty little dears,' exclaimed miss Vowell, 'I like them:'—(this was only meant as a joke.)—Alas! for me, on a sudden, a huge black one crept from the grass, and nearly touched the foot of Mr. Y——, at which he was so terrified, that he started, and made a blow at it with me; and I came in contact with such violence against the ground, that I was instantaneously shivered asunder, and my skin excoriated in a most dreadful manner, that I expected nothing else but to be left behind, or thrown into a ditch. Miss Vowell gave Mr. Y—— a gentle rebuke for his impetuous conduct, but it really was unnecessary, as he was truly sorry for my misfortune. I was taken home to miss S——'s house, where she promised to get me mended, and return me to miss Vowell for Mr. H——, which she accordingly did.

This little narrative may perhaps operate as a lesson to many, and may show them, that many things, however trifling they appear, may with good care be rendered useful; even this poor walking-stick, had it remained in the grove untouched by any, might one day have been a floating bulwark for old England.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

When I stated to you some time since, the lines that I had observed in a selection from Hudibras, I had not the least idea but the edition would have been immediately discovered by some of your numerous

and learned readers; and it was only the other day, in taking up your magazine, I observed a pettish letter from J. M. L., accusing me for not pointing it out. It would afford me much pleasure, could I satisfy him in this particular; but trust, when I inform you the lines are to be found in the 4th volume of a publication by Mr. Newbery, now or late of St. Paul's Church-yard, called, 'The Circle of the Sciences,' you will agree with me, that the person who wrote them must have had Hudibras before him.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
R. P——.

London, 20th July, 1808.

The publication alluded to was in 1788.

ON WIT.

VIVACITY of thought is commonly called wit. It is too frequently judged that men of dull and rather heavy sense, and have not a brilliant and easy flow of words, are fools; this is certainly a mistaken notion. To be a man of wit is to have just ideas, and, sooner or later, to apply them rationally. To be a fool is to be incapable of judging. The inconsiderate judge precipitately; and are deceived for want of reflection and attention. Setting out from these definitions, the perception of a man of great sense is equally quick and just. A man of genius has something more: he rises above that which is on a level with the judgment of ordinary men: he is full of imagination; has great foresight; is inventive without exceeding probability, because he never departs from a certain basis, which basis is sentiment and reason. None but fools soar imprudently, and at the risk of every thing. A man of genius seizes an idea, and carries it as far as possible. A man of good sense takes his resolution after serious reflection; but nothing is worse than to be incessantly undetermined.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

TO some of the numerous readers of your entertaining miscellany, it may be agreeable and useful to learn a simple mode of loosening the glass stopples of smelling-bottles and decanters, when accidentally fastened in too tight to be moved by the hand. The following method is successfully practised by glass-cutters; and it was from one of the trade that I learned it.

With a feather, rub a drop or two of olive oil round the stopple close to the mouth of the bottle or decanter, which must then be placed before the fire, at the distance of a foot or eighteen inches; in which position, the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopple and the neck. When the bottle or decanter has grown warm, gently strike the stopple on one side and on the other with any light wooden instrument; then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding, if you choose, another drop or two of oil. After a while, strike as before: and, by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopple may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant
And constant reader,
NUGILEGULUS.

September 4, 1808.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MURDERED FLY.

TO gain a subject for my Muse,
I pond'ring sat one day,
In vain I strove some theme to choose
To grace my humble lay.

For poesy, sweet modest maid,
Will shun the seeking swain;
Yet oft' unbidden cheers the glade,
With some soft-flowing strain.

While thus I mus'd, an infant fly,
On lightsome wing who fled,
Just then had caught my wand'ring eye,
Whilst circling round my head.

Now here, now there, with rapid course
He sported in the beam,
Warm'd by the Sun's creative force,
He knew not Sorrow's dream;

But, near, a lurking murd'rer spread
His web, for flies a snare;
Too close he flew, by pleasure led,
And found his death-blow there!

For as the web receiv'd his form,
The wily slaught'rer seiz'd,
And suck'd the reeking life-blood warm,
With death's dire torture pleas'd.

I would have sav'd, but came too late,
His hole the spider gain'd;
The fly had yielded to his fate,
And life no more remain'd.

Curse on thy greedy fangs, I cried;—
But then reflection came;
Methought 'twas wrong so harsh to chide;—
For is not man the same?

Nature had taught the spider this,
The deed implied no crime;
Pity might take the act amiss,
And mourn it for a time:

But man with finer feelings form'd,
Whom Nature meant for love,
Whose soul mild Mercy should have warm'd,
With softness like the dove:

Too oft' with cruel studied art,
Some hapless victim lures,
Till Ruin's deeply-piercing smart,
The gasping wretch endures:

Then, spider-like, enjoys the pain
His own fierce passions gave;
For death-like ruin gives him gain,
And man is lucre's slave.

Blame not, ye giddy, thoughtless few
The subject of my pen,
I write it not to such as you;
But thinking, feeling men.

For well I know when pleasure leads,
Or business fills the mind,
That if a humble insect bleeds,
We breathe no sigh refin'd.

But in Reflection's calmer hour,
Far other feelings sway,
We yield to Pity's pleasing pow'r,
And her meek will obey.

J. M. L.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, Matilda! faretheewell!
May happiness with years increase;
And may thy latest moments swell
With brightest views of endless peace!

Adieu, ye woods and murm'ring rills,
So late the pride of love and me;
Adieu, ye pleasing meads and hills,
And ev'ry charm combin'd with thee.

Think you, Matilda, think you now,
A broken promise has no charm?
Think you that William's flatt'ring vow
Will do thee good, or me much harm?

You must deceive yourself if so,
For glitt'ring gewgaws profit not;
And for your own well-being know,
Whence came that William, and for what!

'Tis not for any selfish end
I've thus the storm of anger brav'd;
But I advise you as a friend,
And hope your wisdom's not enslav'd:

For, if it is, depend on this,
You've sold yourself for nought, or worse;
And by thy own deceit and his,
Bought dear enough a double curse.

I lov'd you once, lov'd all you said,
And sacrific'd my heart to thee;
But, oh! how ill thou hast repaid,
Each fond attention giv'n by me.

But to my comfort 'twill remain
A pleasing and reviving thought;
I've thus avoided ceaseless pain,
A union with such prospects fraught.

Adieu, ye once delightful scenes!
Your beauties I no longer need;
I've dearly learn'd what duping means,
From all thy charms I fly with speed.

Farewell, Matilda! faretheewell!
May all thy faithless wand'rings cease;
And may thy latest moments swell
With brightest views of endless peace!

C. T.

MAGDALINE.

A BALLAD.

THE night was dark, the wind blew cold,
And not a twinkling star was seen;
The flaky snow came drifting down,
And chill'd the heart of Magdaline.

She clasp'd her infant to her breast,
Its plaintive cries increas'd her grief;
And quick she pac'd the frozen moor
In eager hope to gain relief.

But ah! no kindly aid was nigh,
No homely cottage cheer'd her sight;
And vain she sought, with eager eye,
Some glimmering taper's welcome light.

Her frozen limbs began to fail,
Her infant's cries were fainter grown;
She sank upon the snow-clad ground,
And thus began her plaintive moan.

Why did I leave my native vale,
And fly to seek some gayer scene?
Why did I leave my aged sire
To weep the fate of Magdaline?

My youthful, inexperienc'd heart
The gay Anselmo stole away,
And taught me, by his winning art,
From Virtue's flowery paths to stray.

He prais'd my beauteous shape and face;
He prais'd my air and graceful mien;
He said the court I soon should grace,
And be his lovely Magdaline.

My foolish heart believ'd the tale,
And fondly own'd him for its lord;
I fled, and left my parents dear,
To weep the child they so ador'd.

But, when I found his vows were false,
And I, deluded, was undone;
I took my helpless infant boy,
And sought th' abode of vice to shun.

Too soon I reach'd my native cot,
And found my father was no more;
My mother curs'd her hapless child,
And spurn'd me from my parent's door.

My freezing heart forgets to beat,
I feel the pangs of death are nigh,
Thy mother has no food to give,
My child, my child! thou too must die!

Thy little limbs are stiff with cold,
And thou hast no more strength to cry;
I'll lay thee on my aching breast,
And on this snow-clad heap we'll die.

She press'd the baby to her heart,
Then laid her down amid the snow;
And, with a gentle sigh, resign'd
A life of misery and woe.

Take heed, ye fair! who read this tale;
Beware of man's delusive wiles;
He only flatters to betray,
And poison lurks beneath his smiles.

Ye, too, who rich in fortune's gifts,
Are now what she so late had been,
Take warning by her hapless doom,
And shun the fate of Magdeline.

CELESTINA.

AN ADDRESS

TO MR. *** **** ON HIS MARRIAGE.

WHILE blushing May, with variegated flowers,
Has strewn your path to Hymen's happy bowers;
And troops of Cupids, hovering in the way,
Shed their bland influence o'er your bridal day:
While friends in prose, with gratulations sweet,
Wish, fondly wish, your happiness complete;
Permit a friendly stranger, at this time,
To hail you to the nuptial scene in rhyme.

May you be blest as was the first-made man,
When Heav'n contriv'd the matrimonial plan,
Form'd a fair mate for him in Eden's groves,
And gave a sanction to their mutual loves;
But may no baleful serpent intervene
To blast the blooming beauties of the scene.

May Heav'n on you and yours its blessings shower,
And tip with bliss each silver-pinion'd hour;
May fair Prosperity's refulgent rays
Pour their bright influence o'er your future days;
And Health, blithe goddess of celestial race,
Paint, with her rosy drapery, each face;
And may a bloomy sportling-train impart
Bliss to the eye and rapture to the heart.

May soft endearments your fond minds engage,
And smooth your passage down the vale of age;
And, when life's curious springs shall cease to move,
May seraphs lead the way to realms of love.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, ON HEARING THE BELL TOLL AT THE FUNERAL OF A NEIGHBOUR; OCT. 27, 1807.

A NEIGHBOUR dead! the thought at first strikes deep,
But soon th' impression is obliterated
From man's vain mind. So flies the silvery dew
That gems the bosom of the summer rose.

A neighbour's knell! resounding thro' the air,
Calls home reflection to the thoughtless heart;
But soon some passing folly catch the eye,
And lo! 'tis gone—swift as a meteor-star,
Trail its short blaze adown th' autumnal sky.

A neighbour's funeral! what solemn scene!
To take the last farewell of one we knew,
And pay a tribute to departed friendship:
But when return'd, and mingled with the world,
How short the serious fit: short as the gleam
That gilds uncertain April's changeful day.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

TO MISS A— L—, ATTEMPTING THE PLATOON EXERCISE.

WHY wish, sweet maid, the carbine's weight to wield?
Nature endows you with more potent arms;
Use well her bounty, court not war's alarms,
To tyrants leave the blood-empurpled field.

'Tis yours the captive's sufferings to assuage;
'Tis yours to awe the despot's stern control;
To bid the battle's thunder cease to roll,
And snatch the vanquish'd from the victor's rage.

Seek not the horrors of the field to share,
Each wreath is water'd by the widow's tears;
And every laurel that the hero rears,
Nurtur'd by glory, blooms but in despair.

Then let war's trophies wither at your feet,
While Beauty's smiles its sufferings victims greet.

Fleet Street, J. L.
Sept. 4, 1808.

ODE TO HOPE.

COME, heav'n-born Hope! celestial maid!
Ah! hasten to a wretch's aid,
And cheer her woe-fraught soul:
Oh kindly lend thy friendly ray
To guide her through the thorny way,
And black despair control.

Solace of life! upheld by thee,
Soon from this breast shall mis'ry flee,
With all her haggard crew;
Then listen to thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Sooth with thy voice each anxious care,
Each boding fear subdue.

Oh come! and with thy cheering smile,
The tedious live-long day beguile,
Now pass'd so sad, so slow;
In gentle whispers speak of peace,
And bid this grief-torn bosom cease
To throb with fruitless woe.—

How should I hail thy blest return!
With what delight thy form discern,
Shine through this fearful gloom?
For sure without thy kind relief
I soon must sink, of murd'rous grief,
Pale victim to the tomb.

JOANNA S—RE.
Sept. 6, 1808.

BEAUTY AND WIT.

WITH beauteous Delia none can vie,
Of fairest forms most fair;
But whilst her charms delight the eye,
Her folly shocks the ear.

Thus whilst her eyes' soul-melting glance,
Each hour fresh captives gain,
Her tongue, rebellious foe to love,
With nonsense breaks their chain.

Celia, who can no beauty boast,
Of face, or form, or air,
In social converse shines confest,
As wise as Delia's fair.

Too wise, indeed, for woman still,
To please, must condescend:
But Celia, conscious of her pow'r,
Unyielding, scorns to bend.

O Nature! were thy pow'r but mine,
I'd thus to each dispense:
Give Celia half of Delia's charms,
Her half of Celia's sense.

JOANNA S—RE.
Sept. 6, 1808.

TO THE RAINBOW.

LOVELIEST of the meteor-train,
Girdle of the summer rain,
Tinger of the dews of air,
Glowing vision fleet as fair,
While the evening shower retires
Kindle thy unhurting fires,
And among the meadows near
Thy refulgent pillar rear;
Or amid the dark blue cloud
High thine orbid glories shroud,
Or the moisten'd hills between
Bent in mighty arch be seen,
Through whose sparkling portals wide
Fiends of storm and darkness ride.

Like cheerfulness thou'rt wont to gaze
Always on the brightest blaze;
Canst from setting suns deduce
Varied gleams and sprightly hues;
And on louring gloom imprint
Smiling streaks of gayest tint.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, July 31.

THIS capital has been, since the evening of the 28th, in a state of the greatest consternation. Sultan Selim wished to re-establish the authority of the porte, and to keep a well-paid standing army on foot. It was this which occasioned his fall on the 28th of May, 1807. Mustapha Bairactar, pacha of Rudschuck, a man of the best intentions, proposed a plan for re-establishing that which the 28th of May had destroyed. He came to Constantinople with a corps of trusty troops, caused the famous Kavagry-Oglou, commandant of the castles of the Dardanelles, and chief author of conspiring against sultan Selim, to be beheaded, the mufti and all the new ministers of the sultan Mustapha to be deposed, the aga of the janisaries to be strangled, and the most important posts of Constantinople to be occupied by his troops. The grand vizier, the new mufti, and several other members of the divan, declared themselves the partisans of mustapha Bairactar.

The sultan had no suspicion of his project; on the contrary, he thought himself so secure, that on the 8th inst. he repaired in the morning to Besectach. But the sultan mother having got information of it on the 28th, Mustapha IV. returned with all expedition by sea to the seraglio, whilst the pacha of Rudschuck was entering it by land. The pacha caused the new mufti to inform him that Selim only was lawful emperor. Mustapha, far from following the example given on the 28th of May by his uncle Selim, who voluntarily descended from the throne, ordered the inner gates of the seraglio to be shut. The soldiers of the pacha, however, speedily effected an entrance, but they found the unfortunate Selim dead, and covered with blood. Seized with horror at this spectacle, Mustapha Bairactar and the grandees of the porte caused prince Mahomet, the last branch of the reigning dynasty, to be immediately proclaimed emperor. This prince who is about fifteen years of age, has, for the last fifteen months, been confined with the sultan Selim, who, during that space, instructed him in the art of government.

On the 29th, the unfortunate Selim was buried at Your, by the side of his father. The pacha of Rudschuck, the whole of his army, and all the respectable inhabitants of this capital, attended the funeral. During these melancholy occurrences, the public tranquillity was not in the slightest degree interrupted. The greater part of the assassins of Selim have been executed. We know not whether the deposed sultan is still living. Some people assert that he has been strangled. Mustapha Bairactar has taken possession of the grand seal. The grand vizier is a prisoner in his camp, for having revealed to the sultan mother the plan of replacing Selim on the throne. There is no doubt that the pacha will soon be appointed grand vizier.

Eleven of the principal partisans of the sultan Mustapha were this day strangled in the seraglio. The Kislar Aga (chief of the eunuchs) who assisted in the murder of Selim, was executed on the 29th.

Vienna, Aug. 12. General Mack, prince d'Auersperg, and general Auffenberg, have obtained from his majesty remission of the rest of their sentence of confinement.

Madrid, Aug. 17. At seven o'clock this evening, a post arrived with the pleasing intelligence, that the French who were at Saragossa had fled with precipitation and fear, taking the road to Pampelona; and that the Arragonese, Catalonians, and Valencians, all valiant, all heroes, and all covered with laurels, were closely in pursuit of them. The

bravery and valour of these provinces of the crown of Arragon were sufficiently known before; but now the fame and glory of the nations who had gained immortal honour in history, is becoming obscure. Historians will no longer cite the Lacedemonians and the Numantians: the brave Arragones have surpassed every thing done by them. The French, having scattered balls and shells over the streets of Saragossa, after so many days' siege and bombardment, had become masters of one part of the city, and entered the street del Coso, after having blown up the mount del Torrero, and the excellent works which had been raised on the margin of the canal, the explosion of which shook violently the most solid buildings: but the iron hearts and bosoms of the brave Saragossans did not shake. Five hundred French had entrenched themselves in the convent of Saint Francis, occupying the last dormitorio.—A brave Catalonian headed a troop to dislodge the enemy; and having broken the stairs of the convent, every one of the French was put to death. The women fought like Amazons, and mothers were proud of having sacrificed their sons for their country's salvation. The whole of the provinces of the kingdom shared in the spirit of heroism.

At the same time arrived a post from Aranda, with intelligence that the French had left Burgos, and that Joseph Bonaparte was at Quintanapalla, three leagues beyond the city.

Other letters pretend that the French army, on their way to Vittoria, were forced back to Burgos, where it is said they are entrenching themselves; but this wants confirmation.

There are already entered here, generals Llamas and Cervellon, and it is expected that we shall soon have general Cuesta, with 800 cavalry and 2000 infantry; and general Castanos, and a part of his army. The divisions of Reding and Coupigni are gone to Portugal, to act against Junot.

Aug. 18. Yesterday the following dispatches were received from D. Josef de Palafox y Melci, captain-general of the army and kingdom of Arragon:—

'I have the satisfaction to communicate to your highness, that the French army, which, during two months, has besieged this city, pursuing a conduct the most abominable ever known, fled this morning, leaving behind them vast quantities of provisions, ammunition, and other effects. They attempted to make a fresh assault last night from the small part of which they had already possession; but they were withstood by my troops with such firmness, that they fled precipitately. Last night I dispatched a division of 4000 men (excellent troops) to cut off the enemy's retreat to Navarra, where they will be joined by other troops, and the armed peasantry of that province. The 6000 men who arrived yesterday from Valencia, united to 4000 other troops of my army from Calatayad, are in pursuit of the enemy's rear, to chastise him, and to prevent his committing, as he is accustomed to do, new robberies, exactions, and atrocities, in the towns through which he retreats.

'To-day public rejoicings have been held, and to-morrow *Te Deum* will be sung.

'It is of great importance that a reunion of deputies from all the provinces of Spain should take place as soon as possible; and I think it would be proper to fix a day, which might be the 10th of next September. I have given notice of this to the other generals and supreme junta throughout the kingdom, and I give your highness an intimation of it, that it may be communicated to the council.

'God preserve your highness many years.

'Head quarters of Saragossa, Aug. 14, 1808.

'JOSEF PALAFOX Y MELCI.

'To his Highness Don Arius Mon y Velarde.'

Oviedo, Aug. 20. All the French troops are in full retreat from Madrid, by the way of Vittoria. Joseph Bonaparte was to leave Burgos on the 12th, in the evening. Marshal Moncey, who commands the rear-guard of the retreating army, was to remain there; and the division of Bessieres was then entering the town. Castanos is said to have entered Madrid on the 5th inst.

The French entered Bilboa on the 16th ult., but not without obstinate resistance. The town offered a contribution of eight millions of reals; and it is expected the French will evacuate it in a few days. Colonel Doyle is with the army of general Blake, the head-quarters of which are at Astorga.

On the day the French entered Bilboa, captain Towers, of the Iris, landed there, spiked 43 pieces of cannon, and de-

stroyed 500 barrels of powder; but he had scarcely left the batteries, when the French entered the town, and he with difficulty got away.

The French garrison in Barcelona is said to have proposed to capitulate.

Vermio, Aug. 22. Yesterday the fate of Portugal was decided: and, I may say, with great bravery on our side. On the 17th it was that we first met the French, then about 6000 strong. We killed and wounded 1500 of them, and completely beat the rest. This action, however, was but trifling, compared to the one of yesterday; when the two armies met, the French had 16,000, and we 13,000, but we beat them with only half our number, the other half could not come up. We took 20 pieces of cannon, and two howitzers, besides 2000 prisoners; we have all their ammunition and artillery. The battle began at nine o'clock (Sunday morning) and ended about two in the afternoon. It was obstinate on both sides; but nothing can withstand the English charge—it is dreadful.

Coimbra, Aug. 23. The following is an extract of a letter from Obidos, dated the 21st instant:—

'The English army, consisting of 17,000 men, began their march for Caldas on the 14th instant. The French were no sooner informed of their approach, than they precipitately retired from Aljubarrota to Obidos, without firing a single shot. On Monday the 15th, the English, on entering Obidos, were attacked in the evening by the French advanced guard, who nevertheless speedily fled to join the army under the command of Thomas and De Laborde, posted at the distance of a league from that town, at Rolissa, and Columbeira.

'Here a most obstinate engagement took place on the 17th; and notwithstanding the enemy's advantageous positions on the summits of the neighbouring mountains, the English carried every thing before them, and attacked the French with their artillery, they compelled them to fly in dismay, and pursued them as far as Cruz de Miseracordia, situated beyond the village of Zambujoira. The chasseurs of Oporto were engaged in this glorious action, and accompanied the English rifle corps in their advance to the heights of Montanha, which are covered with a very thick brushwood.

'The engagement lasted from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon; the fury manifested on both sides exceeded all description. But victory declared for us, and the French fled, directing their retreat towards Torres-Vedras. De Laborde was badly wounded in the neck. The French had 1500 killed, and we have 300 of their wounded in our hospitals.

'On Thursday the 18th, a number of persons met on the road between Bellas and Torres-Vedras, 64 carts filled with wounded soldiers, going to Lisbon, and saw a great number of dead bodies by the way.

'In the hospitals of Caldas and Obidos there are five Portuguese wounded, and between Igreja and Rolissa only a single dead body has been found. The English have in our hospitals 360 wounded; their loss in killed was from 150 to 200.'

Oviedo, Aug. 25. A Spanish gentleman has just arrived from Paris, after encountering the greatest difficulties, and after a residence there of six years, from whence he departed the beginning of July. Our beloved sovereign Ferdinand was in good health at Valency, as were also the infants don Carlos and don Antonio; his residence is in the upper part of the palace or castle belonging to Talleyrand, who, with his family, occupy the lower part; his guards of honour, as they are called, consist of 250 gens d'armes. The old king and queen, with Godoy, were intended to be removed from Fontainbleau to Compeigne, where, in all probability, they will not remain long, in consequence of the indisposition of don Carlos 4th, and it was rumoured that he was to go to Nice for the benefit of his health.

Gottenburgh, Aug. 26. The Russian fleet were spoken with in the Baltic by an American, as late as the 12th inst. They were steering to the northward, and had springs upon their cables for the purpose of anchoring among the rocks to attack the Swedes. It is reported that both sir J. Saumarez and sir S. Hood are gone after them; and as they had early notice of their being at sea, it is to be hoped a good account will be given of them; they consist of nine sail of the line, two of which are ships of 110 and 112 guns, and eight frigates, besides smaller vessels.

HOME NEWS.

London, August 23.

LIEUTENANT HITHINS arrived at the admiralty with dispatches from admiral Keats, which state, that 10,000 of the Spanish troops that were in Fuen, Langeland, Laaland, and Jutland, under the command of the marquis de Romana, had rescued themselves from the French yoke, and had been transported, by the British fleet, to the island of Langeland, which they had taken possession of until they can be conveyed to their own country. They took with them their arms and artillery.

The Danes have disarmed 5000 Spanish troops that were in Zealand.

Sept. 1. Yesterday evening, as a young woman, with a child in her arms, was crossing the Strand at the foot of Catharine-street, her foot slipped, and the child fell out of her arms. A gentleman's carriage was passing violently at the time; and the coachman, though called to stop by a boy belonging to Messrs. Anstey and co. linen-drapers, immediately opposite, drove on, and one of the wheels went over the head of the infant, who was conveyed into the shop of Mr. Stanton, surgeon, dreadfully lacerated, and died almost immediately afterwards.

Sept. 2. The park and tower guns were fired this morning, at eight o'clock, in honour of victories gained in Portugal.

The intelligence was brought about eight o'clock last night to lord Castlereagh's office, by captain Campbell. It was soon after communicated by his lordship to the lord mayor.

COPY.

'Downing-street, September 1, 1808.

'My Lord—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that captain Campbell arrived this evening with dispatches from lieut.-gen. sir Arthur Wellesley, dated Vimiera, the 22d ult. giving an account of two victories obtained over the French arms in Portugal—the first on the 17th at Zambueica, over the advanced corps of the French, consisting of 6000 men, commanded by generals Laborde and Brenier, in which the French were defeated with the loss of 1500 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners; the second, over the whole of the French army in Portugal, consisting of 14,000 men, commanded by general Junot, wherein the French were completely defeated, with the loss of 13 pieces of cannon, 23 tumbrils of ammunition, and about 3,500 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

'In consequence of this action, general Kellerman arrived, with a flag of truce, at head-quarters, on the 22d, to treat for terms.

'Lieutenant-general Burrard landed, and arrived in the field of action after the battle had commenced on the 21st ult.; but he generously declined taking the command from sir Arthur Wellesley. On the 22d, lieut.-general sir Hew Dalrymple landed, and took the command.—I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) 'CASTLEREAGH.

'To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, &c.'

Plymouth, Sept. 4. Last evening were landed at Mill Bay, and conducted to Mill Prison, from the Hindostan, 54, from off Lisbon, 140 French soldiers, taken in the forts at Oporto. They are fine young men, and are all of them Swiss conscripts. They appeared very happy to be in England. Orders are come down to get the military hospital ready at Stake for the reception of our brave wounded soldiers daily expected from Portugal. The commissioners of the transport board have appointed captain Rogers, of the royal navy, of this town, to be superintendant of prisoners of war at this port, vice captain Corgrave, pro-

moted to the command of the prisoners at Dartmoor.

Brighton, Sept. 8. Last night, or rather late in the afternoon of yesterday, a most melancholy and fatal accident happened to the servant of Mr. Griffiths, between this place and Rottingdean. The servant in question was following his master on horseback, who was in a gig, to the place abovementioned, from home, when, about a mile and a quarter on this side of their destination, his horse became restive; and, by a retrograde motion, fell with him over the margin of the cliff, to the beach, at least sixty or seventy feet below. It is almost unnecessary to add, that both horse and rider were killed on the spot.

London, Sept. 15. Dispatches were received from lieutenant-general sir Hew Dalrymple, commanding his majesty's troops in Portugal, with intelligence that a convention had been agreed on between the British commanders, and the French general in Lisbon, by which the French troops were to evacuate that city, being permitted to retain their arms, baggage and property of every kind, and to return to France, the English government finding the means of conveyance. The Russian ships lying in the harbour of Lisbon were surrendered as a deposit, to be returned within six months after the signing a definitive peace between England and Russia: all the sailors to return to Russia.—The tower-guns were fired about nine o'clock this evening.

Sept. 20. This morning at four o'clock one of the most tremendous conflagrations took place which this metropolis has witnessed for many years, and which ended in the total destruction of Covent-garden theatre, and a great number of the adjoining houses. It burst out at once with the greatest fury, and in a few minutes all Covent-garden and the contiguous streets, as far as Temple-bar and Charing cross, were so illuminated that the smallest print might easily have been read. The watchmen's rattles were immediately sprung—Fire was screamed out in every direction, and the astonished and terrified inhabitants awakened from their sleep, rushed out of their houses, without clothes or covering, into the street. The engines arrived as speedily as possible, but the supply of water was at first scanty, and it was not till about six that any sufficient quantity could be obtained. In the mean time the flames made dreadful progress. By a quarter before five, they had caught three houses in Hart-street, on the one side, and had penetrated to the back part of the Piazza Coffee-house on the other side.—The firemen with their characteristic intrepidity and activity burst open the doors of the play-house in Bow-street and Covent-garden, in order to check the progress of the fire, by pulling down walls, and to save what property they could. Little or none could be saved. The play had been Pizarro. Some of the scenes and decorations are understood to have been brought out—but little or nothing else of all the vast property, dresses, &c. &c. contained in the theatre. —No one knows how it broke out or where—some say a lamp was left burning behind the scenes, which caught one of the scenes—others, that a candle had been left in one of the dressing-rooms near the curtains; but nothing is known with any certainty. The house had as usual been examined after the play was over last night.

But to return to the progress of the flames. The firemen burst into the Piazzo door opening: the flames had already reached as far, and the archway leading to the boxes fell in just as they got in.—Melancholy to relate, several of them were killed, others mangled in the most dreadful manner! They are said to have been chiefly the men belonging to the Phœnix Fire-office. Lives were lost also in Bow-street.—One of the pillars of the Piazza there fell down and crushed two men.—After the fire had gutted one of the houses in Hart-street, the walls fell down and buried seven under the ruins.

About five o'clock a corps of volunteers arrived, as well as a detachment of foot and horse guards.—They kept the populace off, for by this time thousands had collected to view the awful conflagration.—The horse guards kept the avenues clear to get up the engines, and to remove furniture, &c.

During this time the engines seemed to have little power in reducing the flames; they defied all the engines of all the fire offices. The main body of the fire was in the theatre—that was burnt quite down, and nothing but a black mass of smoaking ruins remains of that superb and vast edifice.—The chasm left between Bow-street and the piazzas in Covent-Garden, is most dreadful. But the mischief did not unhappily rest here—The fire did not cease with the destruction of the theatre; it branched out right and left; but for-

tunately the wind, which at first was high, subsided, and blew gently from the west. Had it been easterly, its ravages would have extended to the Piazzas and to James-street, which would have been consumed.

In Bow-street, the house, No. 9, belonging to Mr. Paget; Nos. 10 and 11, which were attached to the theatre; No. 12, belonging to Mr. Hill; No. 13, (the Struggler Coffee-house); No. 14, belonging to Mr. Johnson, the fruiterer; and No. 15, were completely destroyed. The three latter were insured in the Hope for 2,650l. Nos. 16 and 17 were seriously damaged, though not entirely consumed. At the rear of Mr. Paul's Mineral Water Warehouse, there was a horse in serious danger of being burned; but, as has been frequently observed on similar occasions, so great was the terror of the animal, that it was impossible to move him from the spot until a cloth was fastened over his head so as to make him completely blindfolded. A house in Stewart's rents was set partially on fire by the falling of a flake of lighted wood down the chimney. In fact, there was from four to seven o'clock an almost incessant shower of fire, which spread as far as Clare-Market on one side and St. Martin's-lane on the other; but no considerable damage was done beyond that which has been already described.

It was some considerable length of time before the rubbish could be so far removed, as to dig out the unhappy sufferers. It was then found that two men belonging to the Phœnix (Higglesworth and Kilby) were totally deprived of life; Seyers, another belonging to the same office, was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in a most dangerous state, and is said to have since died. Several poor labouring men who were employed in assisting the firemen were also dug out of the ruins; some of them dead, and others in a most dreadfully mutilated state, from which there is little prospect of their recovery. In the passage by the side of the theatre, in Bow-street, some volunteers and their friends were found partly burned and partly scalded to death by the pouring down of the water from the burning wall. Among the killed, whose bodies were conveyed to St. Paul's Church yard, Covent-garden, were Joseph Holmes, —— Jones, an apprentice at No. 5, Oxford-road; Joseph Kilby and Richard Higglesworth, firemen belonging to the Phœnix office; ——— Crabb, a butcher's boy, whose master resides in Paternoster-row; and an officer in the duke of Cumberland's sharp-shooters, unknown. One of these sufferers was recognized by his sister, by means of a nutmeg-grater, found in his pocket, of which she had on the preceding day made him a present.

Of the mangled and contused sent to the hospitals, the following expired in the course of the day: Richard Bird, coachmaker; John Sayers, engineer of the Phœnix engine; Mr. Harris, optician, a young man aged eighteen, and a member of the Bloomsbury volunteer corps; and Mr. James, an attorney; he had only arrived in town from Wales about a week ago, and lodged at the house of Mr. Watkins, tailor, York-street, Covent-garden; he was brought home to his lodging, but had scarcely entered the shop when he expired.

The exact number of persons killed and maimed on this dreadful occasion has not yet been ascertained, it being supposed that there are still some undiscovered in the ruins. Near thirty have already been dug out, of whom eleven were carried lifelefs and shapeless trunks, too shocking to be described, to Covent-garden bone-house. It is scarcely possible to recognise the persons of the deceased, and all have not as yet been owned. Of those who were conveyed away maimed and burnt, some have since died, after the flesh dropt literally from their bones; and 15 or 16 are lodged in hospitals, several of whom it is thought cannot recover.

Sept. 21. This day an inquisition was taken at the Britannia, in Covent-garden, before Anthony Gell, esq. coroner for the city and liberties of Westminster, on the bodies of the unfortunate persons killed at the fire which destroyed Covent-garden theatre.

The first witness examined was William Addicott, one of the stage-carpenters of the theatre. He stated, that he left the theatre about half past eleven o'clock, and went home. About four o'clock on Tuesday morning, Mr. Carmichael, a baker, rung at his bell, and informed him that the theatre was on fire. He immediately got up, and hastened to the theatre, which he found in a complete blaze. Shortly after several engines arrived, and but few persons were collected on the spot. It was found impracticable to work the engines belonging to the theatre at first. The treasury

door and the Piazza door were broke open, and one of the Phœnix fire-engines was run up the passage, just withinside the Piazza door, where there was a large reservoir of water; upwards of twelve persons were working the engine, and just beyond them, further up the passage, were several of the firemen; seeing that the room called the Apollo Room, and the inside of the audience part of the theatre, was on fire, and likely to fall, the witness advised the men of their danger, observing, that they must inevitably be burnt, as the fire was rapidly approaching the Garden. Upon which the firemen told the witness 'to mind his own business.' To avoid the danger, the witness instantly left the place and went round to the Bow-street door. From what he had since understood, the fire, as it was supposed, began about the centre of the house. He afterwards was told several men had been killed by the falling of the timbers, which happened shortly after he had quitted the Piazza door. This witness stated, that there was a watchman regularly appointed to watch the interior of the theatre; but that when the alarm was first given the people could not make him hear, and it was imagined he must have fallen asleep; he, however, afterwards escaped.

William Darby, one of the firemen in the employ of the Eagle Insurance Office, was present when the unfortunate persons were taken out of the fire. When he first arrived at the theatre, the engine worked at Bow-street side of the house. This was about six o'clock; afterwards, on coming round to the Piazza side, he heard the crash of a wall falling; this was near eight o'clock; he immediately ran up to the door which leads to the boxes; the outer great doors were half closed; he assisted in clearing away the heavy wood which had fallen on the engine, and buried both it and the persons working it in burning ruins. Water from buckets was thrown upon the ruins. They then set about digging for the dead bodies, and half an hour elapsed before they could get at them. The first they drew out was a man in his shirt. In another quarter, however, they succeeded in getting out two more bodies; and then drew out the engine, when they saw Kilby, the fireman, lying alongside the engine; and then, one after another, drew out in the whole nine dead bodies; when the witness, from fatigue, was obliged to quit the place. He understood that some more were afterwards taken out.

Here one of the jurymen related, that he had witnessed the shocking spectacle which occurred when the ceiling fell in. One man, dreadfully scorched, made his way from under the ruins, shaking his head with agony, and at the instant he appeared covered with fire, one of the firemen emptied a bucket of water over him, to alleviate his torment. Another unfortunate sufferer rushed out with his arm nearly burnt off, and, impelled by pain, he rubbed the flesh from the bones, which appeared quite bare. These men were conveyed to the hospital; one of them was a fireman, who died on Tuesday evening.

After the conclusion of the evidence, which we have already reported, the coroner observed, that in his opinion this melancholy event was purely accidental. The jury would then consult and pronounce their opinion on the case as it then stood, without they should think that any farther evidence was necessary. In that case, he should certainly comply with their wishes. There was one good result from this public and minute inquiry, which was, that it would be seen that there was not the slightest blame attributable to those who had the management of the theatre; and it would also be another benefit to be derived from this public explanation of all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate and most truly distressing accident, the relatives of the deceased would find some consolation in the midst of their affliction for the loss of a relation or friend, when they found that it was proved on oath that these persons with whom they were nearly connected, though they had met with a premature or untimely fate, had been called into the presence of their Maker in the performance of a most benevolent act, and had left an honourable name behind them.

The jury, upon the whole of the evidence, returned a verdict that the following persons, viz. R. Cadger, J. Holmes, J. Hunt, W. Jones, J. Evans, T. Crabb, T. Mead, W. Whigglesworth. J. Kilby, and Thomas James, and two others (names unknown), in all twelve persons, were killed '*Accidentally by the falling of the Apollo room, at Covent Garden Theatre.*'

J. Oakley, a smith, and some other poor persons, are still missing.

BIRTHS.

August 25. At her father the duke of Marlborough's seat, Blenheim, Oxfordshire, lady Francis Spencer, of a daughter.

At colonel Mitford's house in Clarges-street, Mrs. John Mitford, of a son.

28. At Betchworth Castle, the seat of Henry Peters, esq. the lady of lieutenant-colonel Holland, of a son.

29. Lady Popham of a boy, her ninth child, at Sunning-hill.

The lady of John Campbell, esq. of a daughter at his house at Liston-hall, in the county of Essex.

At Durham, on the 3d inst. the lady of lieutenant-colonel Seymour, of a son.

Sept. 2. On Friday morning, at Broad Stairs, the lady of Charles Lambert, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 18. At Rolvenden, in Kent, the rev. John R. Coombe, vicar of Tenterden, to miss Morris, of Rolvenden.

25. At East Bourne, by the rev. J. W. Jones, L. K. Willard, esq. to Harriet Alice, second daughter of the late Nathaniel William Thomas esq. of Cobbe Court, in the county of Sussex.

27. At Clifton Michall, Hinton Castle, esq. of Bristol, to miss Susan Smith, grand-daughter of the late Francis Beasly, esq. of Oporto.

At East Barnet Church, J. Harrison, esq. of Newgate-street, to Elizabeth Mary, youngest daughter of Henry Timberlake, esq. Cordwainers Hall southgate.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, captain Shean of Steyning, in the county of Sussex, to miss Emma Williams, of Holton-street, Piccadilly.

Sept. 6. At Mary-la-bonne church, Mr. Thomas Carwick, to miss Mayer, daughter of the late Thomas Mayer, esq. of Beaumont-street, Devonshire-place.

8. Mr. Edward Stephens, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, to Harriet, seventh daughter of the late Mr. Francis Viret of Wheatfield, in the county of Oxford.

Mr. John Whittle Harvey, of Ludgate-street, to miss Wade, only daughter of William Wade, esq. Great Stambridge, Essex.

9. At colonel Brown's, Glennagary, near Dublin, Thomas Flood, esq. of Exeter, to miss Moore, daughter of Ross Moore, esq. of Carlingford, and niece of the right hon. Isaac Corry.

10. At Kensington, William Augustus Dingley, esq. captain in the royal artillery, to miss Amelia Thomson, fourth daughter of Mr. Frederick Thomson of that place, surgeon.

John Rivers, esq. of Mitcham, to miss Hooper, of St. John's-street.

DEATHS.

August 25. At Greenwich, aged 94, Mrs. Mary Jones, eldest and last surviving sister of John Jones, of Blackhall, in the county of Montgomery, esq.

At colonel Jeaffreson's, Dallingham House, in the county of Cambridge, aged 80, Mrs. Crop, relict of Richard Crop, esq. of Westqe Lodge, in the same county, but late of Taplow, in the county of Buckingham.

28. At Worcester, Mr. Joseph Shepherd, of Hancock, Shepherd, and Rixon's Glass-manufactory, Cockspur-street, London.

Sept. 4. At Merchistonbank, in the 86th year of his age, Mr. Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas.* He was a gentleman of considerable literary abilities, and a most worthy member of society.

5. At Froxfield, the rev. Clement Cruttwell, a gentleman of considerable literary celebrity.

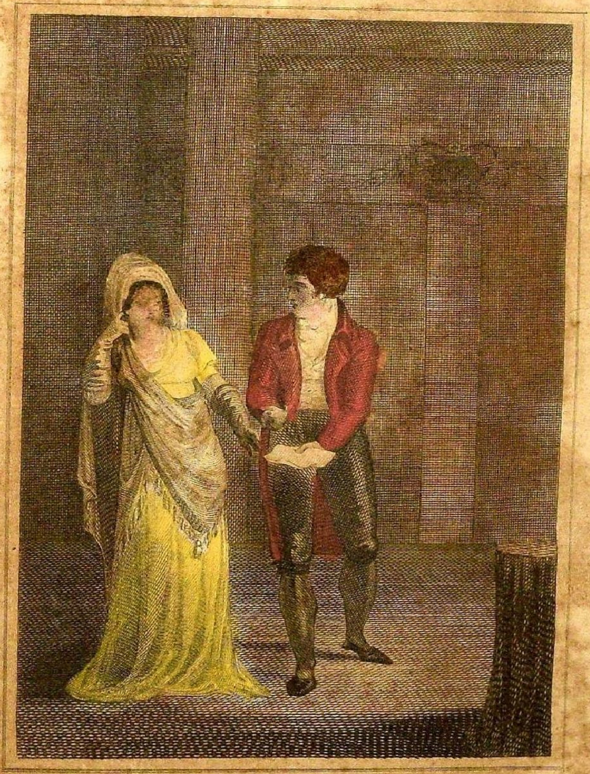
6. At her house in James-street, Westminster, in the 45th year of her age, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with pious resignation, the hon. miss Trefusis, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, lord Clinton.

11. At her house at Lee, near Blackheath, in Kent, the right hon. dowager lady Dacre.

12. At Richmond, Mrs. Denn, widow of the late James Denn, esq. and mother to the right hon. lady Beauchamp.

Lady Anne Rich, of Beaumont-street, Devonshire-place, widow of admiral sir Thomas Rich, bart.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Expostulation.